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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XVIII.—No. 906.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1874. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1874, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE NATION'S TRIBUTE.—[Drawn by A. Fredericks.]

"The Veto is not for the North, nor the East, but for the entire Nation."—Governor Dix.

SIGNS.

By HOWARD GLYNDON.

O SAD brown hills! O pitiful sea-side slope,
Bare as the heart bereft of its last hope!
Ye waters dark and dumb!
Cloud-shadowed skies, where scant blue shows apace!
I am faint at heart for sight of her sweet face;
I am like a homesick child,
Lost in the void of this great wintry wild—
When will she come?

That was the blackbird. He is calling her,
Out there, high up in that lean juniper.
Just now into the brook
A snow-wreath slipped, confronted by the sun;
And mark! a hint of green hath just begun
To creep across the grass,
Forerunner of what yet shall come to pass—
Hush! listen! look!

There goes an azure flash betwixt the boughs;
The bluebird seeks a site for his new house
Hard by yon pussy willow.
Down in the underbrush what's that so red?
No more will Robin deign to beg his bread!
Straight as an arrow
Back to his old haunts flies the Quakerish sparrow—
She has left her pillow!

The rocks are emeralded with freshened mosses,
And cunningest lichens broider gnarled bosses.
On a chestnut bur
Poises a hesitating rash new-comer,
Prince Gold-coat, though 'tis far to look for summer.
Spring's risen, and close behind,
And these, her lieges, knowing her constant mind,
Dare all for her.

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SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1874.

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THE VETO.

THE President's veto of the inflation bill is the most important event of his administration. It saves the national honor, it redeems the pledge of the great popular majority which elected him, it renews the hope of the Republican party, and it restores the old regard of the country for the citizen whom it had so gladly honored for his great service in the field. The message has been every where considered and discussed. Every body has remarked its directness, cogency, and simplicity. It rests the objection to inflation upon the true ground. The bill sought inflation; inflation was a deliberate violation of the national faith solemnly pledged, and that faith must be maintained at all hazards. This is the clear statement of the message, and it comes from a President who has constantly urged speedy resumption. That the message was a surprise even to many of the President's best friends is undeniable. His recent close association with many of the leading inflationists; his apparent impatience both with the New York and Boston delegations; the fact that he is a Western man, and that popular sentiment in that part of the country is represented to be strongly in favor of inflation; the fear of party results should he veto the bill—these and other considerations made his disapproval very doubtful.

The veto will have two kinds of results, political and commercial. The latter can be only good, for the reason that inflation would necessarily have destroyed confidence, and excited only a morbid and dangerous speculation. The rich man could take the risks of the game. The poor man was sure to suffer. The veto shows the President to be the friend of labor and of the producing class, whose interests are always served by financial confidence and steadiness. The political consequences are more obscure. Yet it is observable that while the inflationists have declared that expansion and irredeemable paper were the cause of the people, the great and warm expressions of public opinion, whether in public meetings, or in the press, or in the resolutions of boards and societies, and indeed in all the forms in which the feeling of a great country manifests itself, have been resolute and eloquent against inflation. The angry exclamations of some members of Congress upon the reception of the message were the natural expressions of the disappointment of warm advocates of a frustrated scheme. The debate in the Senate and the vote upon the veto are yet to come. It may show a feeling from which grave political consequences will follow. Doubtless it will be complicated with personal ambitions and rivalries, and hearty party co-operation between those who differ so radically upon so vital a point of public policy would seem to be impossible.

But the President has the happy consciousness that he is sustained by the deep conviction of the best men in his own party, by the sound and intelligent sentiment of the country, and by the recorded wisdom and experience of Christendom. At a dark and critical moment he has again served his country as few men in her history have had the opportunity to serve her. His action gives another glimpse of that quality in him which has drawn so many men toward him, and held them fast in spite of many discouragements and doubts. And if elsewhere in this paper we plainly criticise portions of his official conduct in which he seems to us to have failed, it is not with any doubt of the conviction that we have always expressed, that, whatever his failures, he is animated by a sincere and patriotic desire to do his duty.

THE PRESIDENT AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE report of the Civil Service Commission contains a comprehensive, elaborate, and able argument for reform, and a conclusive rejoinder to the common objections which are urged against it. It shows the sincerity and care with which the Commission undertake their work, the vital importance of which they can hardly exaggerate. It is the most obvious and practicable method of withstanding and correcting political corruption, which is the most menacing evil of the time. That it is contemptuously opposed by those who most conspicuously represent that corrupt tendency is the most signal testimony to its character and necessity. The Commission state very forcibly that the circumstances under which practical attempts at reform must now be made compel a moderate and reasonable beginning. Nothing can be more true. A few plain proofs of a sincere and resolute effort at reform, evidence which the whole country could see and which would be undeniable, would do much more to secure a real result than the guarded approval of many heads of bureaus and chiefs of division.

But while the excellence of the report and the sincerity of the Commission are unquestionable, why do such universal doubt and suspicion overhang the whole subject? The report strenuously insists that instead of demanding completeness and perfection, those who favor the reform should, under the adverse circumstances, make every allowance for imperfect performance. They should rather consider what is done than criticise what is not. "In no stage" (of the reform), says the report, "is more faith, patience, and persistency needed on the part of its friends." But the report does not seem to us sufficiently to inquire why faith is wanting. It represents the President as wholly and heartily engaged in the reform, sustaining it against seductive and enormous pressure, and the great departments as persuaded of its excellence, while of the devotion of the Commission there is no doubt whatever. If, therefore, the reform languishes, the report seems to hold its desponding friends and a hostile Congress responsible. We think the difficulty lies elsewhere. The report says truly "that the decisive conditions of success were in the patriotism and persistent resolution of the President." And it is because his resolution has neither been persistent nor always very evident that there is so little faith, not in the necessity and practicability, but in the reality, of the movement.

For what is the great object to be sought in reforming the civil service? It is not merely efficiency and economy. It is a change of the method of appointment. It is the removal of the great part of the public service from mere partisan influence. It is the abolition of patronage. But the ultimate end is more than the method itself. It is the purification of politics. It is making elections, so far as practicable, not as now, perilous scrambles for plunder, but as they should be, decisions of governmental policies. Such a movement implies a profound change of public opinion, and a renunciation of the party traditions of near half a century. But opinion has been steadily maturing toward it, and took form in Congress in the reports and speeches of Mr. JENCKES seven and eight years ago. President GRANT, the first President for many years really free of party antecedents, pronounced strongly in favor of some practical measures. Congress authorized him to take them, and he invited gentlemen who, as he knew, were interested in the subject to confer upon details of method. It was an opportunity which no friend of the reform could feel at liberty to decline, because he could have no reason to doubt the purpose of the President, whatever differences as to the scope and methods of reform time might reveal. The details were completed, and approved and adopted by the President, upon whom, as the present report says, every thing depended.

Many civil appointments, as the report and the message which transmits it to Congress strongly insist, require the confirmation of the Senate. Nothing is plainer. The Constitution and the laws have made that provision. It was a fact constantly in the thoughts of those who prepared the rules. And little was to be expected of either House of Congress in the beginning. The Senate had virtually usurped the executive power of nomination, and patronage was the most coveted prerogative of the members of the House. That was understood. It was even a question how far the President could compel the heads of departments to observe his rules. All these facts make only more evident the duty of the President. It was perfectly simple and perfectly clear. If upon consideration the anger of the party leaders, the enormous pressure, the condition of public opinion, possible differences with the Senate, and miscarriage of his administration seemed evils which it was not worth while to encounter, the project of reform should have been abandoned by the President as premature. But he decided to proceed.

When he adopted and published the rules, therefore, he pledged his honor to the country, not that they would be or could be always and literally and in every detail observed, but that, so far as depended upon him, their spirit should govern his action, and that in his nominations and appointments the separation of the civil service from politics—except within the proper political range of offices—should be constantly attempted. If, in cases requiring the consent of the Senate, the Senate refused to confirm, he could not, indeed, appoint; but the character and circumstances of the nomination would show his "persistent resolution." The reform was known as the President's reform, and properly, because he is the chief of the executive. The country would test its reality—for it had no other means—by his conduct. It did not ask a technical and literal and perfunctory observance. All that the sincere friends of reform demanded was evidence that the President was intelligently, heartily, and resolutely in earnest. If in what they saw they found this constant and unquestionable proof, then in what they could not see—in the enormous detail of minor offices—they would gladly believe that the same spirit prevailed, or if baffled, then in despite of the President. But, on the other hand, if in what they saw they beheld evasion, defiance, and contempt, they would not believe, and they ought not to believe, that in what they could not see, honest fidelity to the spirit of the reform was the rule.

The report of the Commission says, "it is enough for our purpose that he was ready for the long struggle that was inevitable." We do not think that events have proved this readiness. If the President's resolution had really been "persistent"—not that first-class clerks should be competitively examined, but that non-political offices should cease to be party rewards and prizes, and the system of appoinments be thoroughly reformed—if this had been "the persistent resolution" of the man who captured Vicksburg, and pushed through the Wilderness to Richmond and victory, does the Commission suppose that the country would have been in any doubt about it, or have been reading to-day with amused amazement the assertion that he has "dared attempt such a reform?" It was, indeed, "daring," but in another sense, for a sincere reformer of the civil service to decline to accept the resignation of Mr. CASEY, or to appoint Mr. CLARK at Galveston, or to wink at Mr. FILLEY in St. Louis. There was no difficulty in dealing with any of these cases, except the pressure for which the report declares the President to have been ready. The gentlemen of the Commission are sincere friends of the reform. But had any one of them been in the place of the President, and as firmly persuaded and resolved as they declare him to be, is it conceivable that they would not have shown in such cases some sign of that conviction and determination?

Or take the last conspicuous case, that of the Boston Collectorship. The President, according to the report, is full of "persistent resolution" to use all his power to take such offices out of politics—for that is the scope of the reform as he has declared it. He has adopted a rule for his action in that specific case, not for the appointment, because the Senate must confirm, but for his part in the appointment—for the nomination. The rule is that if no proper subordinate be found by the Secretary of the Treasury in "the customs district" in which the vacancy occurs, or if the nomination of such a one be not confirmed, the President will nominate at pleasure. The vacancy occurs, and the President, who by the theory of the report is persistently resolving to separate the office from mere party and political considerations, instantly nominates an internal revenue officer, the most notorious political manager in Massachusetts, who is devoted to the political fortunes of the most contemptuous enemy of the reform, and who has been censured by a State political convention for prostituting his office to political purposes. To defend such a nomination upon the ground that it observes both the spirit and the letter of the reform, because to make an internal supervisor a customs collector is "a promotion," and because the internal revenue officer was a "subordinate" in the foreign revenue district, is resorting to a quibble of which no friend of reform could be guilty. We repeat what we said at the time, that such a nomination could not be made by a President who is "persistently" resolute in reform. For what other course would General BUTLER have taken, had he, who disbelieves in the reform and despises it, been President? The question was not whether Mr. SIMMONS were officially honest and efficient, but whether he was not the very kind of person whom the spirit of the rules would pass by. It is not urged by the friends of reform that interest in politics is to exclude men from office, but only that such special political activity as that of Mr. SIMMONS is not to recommend them. The whole spirit of the rules forbids the appointment of such a man, who was nevertheless nominated, and it demands that of such an officer as Mr. BENEDICT in New York, whose nomination was not rejected but withdrawn.

In the face of such facts as these, even were there no others, we are at a loss to understand the remark of the report that the President "can afford to allow the near future to render the justice denied to-day." Is it unjust to say that a President who was "ready for the struggle" of such a reform as that of the civil service would not nominate to the Collectorship of Boston a man urged upon him by influence alone, and who neither sympathized with the reform nor would co-operate with it, but that he would have gladly seized the opportunity of the nomination to show to the whole country that he was heartily resolved to look only at the service, and to disregard the pressure of personal and political influence? Would not a President really resolved have done this? Yet did the President do it? And is it unjust to say that he did not do it? The report truly says that the President can do no more than he has undertaken to do, namely, to nominate a subordinate when personal merit and the demands of the service permit. But it will not be asserted, except under the quibble we have mentioned, that this was done in the Boston case. The report adds that if the Senate refuse to confirm, the President must withdraw his nominee, or unduly press a confirmation. Why so? The President, under the circumstances, ought not to withdraw a nomination which he has properly made, except at the request of the nominee or upon learning of his unfitness. He can not, indeed, force a confirmation, but he can throw the responsibility of rejection upon the Senate. His power is constitutionally defined, and the Senate has no more right to insist upon the withdrawal of a nomination than he has to insist upon confirmation. The report says, further, that this discord between the President and the Senate has been the chief cause of the charge that he has not been faithful to the spirit of his rules. But this charge has been made in no case more pointedly than in that of the Boston Collectorship. And what had the Senate to do with that nomination until it came before it? If the report means that the Senate will not confirm any nominations except those made from considerations which the President has professed to disregard, and that he must therefore yield, we do not admit it; but we are very sure that if the President thinks so, he ought to except from the rules all officers whose appointment requires confirmation. Meanwhile, as the case stands, there can be no doubt whatever that the Boston nomination was the grossest possible violation of the spirit of the reform.

The report regrets that the portion of the rules relating to officers requiring confirmation should be regarded as the most decisive portion of the reform adopted by the President. But without entering upon the question which this remark opens, it will certainly be agreed that that is the portion by which the President's own part in the reform can be most plainly measured, and the report admits that the present movement depends mainly upon him. Indeed, that, with the facts familiar to the country, the conduct of the President should seem to the Civil Service Commission to show such a firm, constant, and intelligent purpose as to justify the most unqualified praise of him, and plain although perfectly courteous censure of those who think his course neither ear-

nest nor persistent, is one of the marvels of the hour. It is not a pleasant duty to say such things, for we cordially sympathize with the Commission in their hopes and efforts. But they seem to us to be unjust to themselves, to the cause, and to its sincere friends when they represent the course of the President as a real leadership of civil service reform. Had he fought the rebellion in the manner that he has attacked the most enormous and threatening evil of our politics, there would have been no unconditional surrender.

"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."

How many of the thousands who pass daily up and down town in the horse-cars have ever thought of the hardships of the driver? He seems to the passenger a stolid, sometimes sullen, man, and to stand and drive a car is not thought to be very severe labor. It may be monotonous, thinks the passenger, but the scenery of the street is always changing, and how many a hard worker in dark rooms would not gladly exchange with the easy traveler in the fresh air! If he is a philosopher, he is plainly a peripatetic; and if of a humorous turn, he must have a constant chance of gratifying his humor. So may the passenger muse for a vacant moment as he looks through the door and gives a fancy to the driver. Fortunately for the driver, Dr. HAMILTON, an assistant Sanitary Inspector in the city, looks at him with other eyes. He has written a letter to the Sanitary Superintendent, calling his attention to the exposure and the suffering of the car drivers. The pitiful facts are the most powerful argument. The drivers often work from fifteen to seventeen hours in the day, and they stand all the time, and they have scarcely an hour altogether for eating and relief. They stand upon the heel, not upon the ball of the foot, and the constant jar of the car acts directly, through the bones of the leg, upon the spinal cord, and nervous disease of various kinds often follows. From constant standing the legs swell, and the veins become varicose, and in one case a driver was near dying from the bursting of a vein.

The doctor suggests two methods of relief: one is a comfortable seat, such as are used upon some cars in some parts of their route, and the other is a regulation of the working hours of the overdriven driver. The first relief is easy and practicable, and should be at once adopted. The other is more difficult and doubtful. Yet on the very day that the doctor's letter was published, the Assembly considered a bill which decrees imprisonment for a year, a fine of one hundred dollars, or both, for killing any animal or insect; also for bruising, wounding, puncturing, stabbing, shooting, perforating, cutting, or injuring any animal or insect. If we legislate for the protection of helpless animals, may we do nothing for helpless men? A law forbidding the regular and constant active employment of the same body of workmen for more than twelve consecutive hours in a day would not seem to be unreasonable. But although this remedy may be difficult, the relief of the seat is very feasible, and if the Sanitary Inspectors are all as faithful as Dr. HAMILTON, the evil will not long remain.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

WE recently mentioned the case of a citizen of Brooklyn who was denied admission to a theatre in that city by reason of his color. The other day a man of the same race—intelligent, cultivated, courteous, who had been a slave, and who many years ago was one of those who had the courage to make his way, in the face of the terrible consequences of detection, to the North and freedom—went into an oyster-house in the Sixth Avenue, and seated himself at a table. As a waiter passed, the guest asked for oysters. The waiter told him that he could not have them. The guest—guilty of a darker skin—asked the reason, which he yet very well knew. "Have you no oysters?" "Yes." "Do you think that I will not pay for them?" "No." "Why, then, do you not bring them?" The waiter paused a moment: "Because we do not serve colored people. I have no objection; but it is the rule of the house." The guest arose, and moved toward the door. "Would you like to see the proprietor?" asked the waiter. "Certainly not," replied the guest; "why should I wish to see so mean a man?"

Is it surprising that the colored citizens of this country are profoundly and painfully anxious for the passage of Mr. SUMNER'S Civil Rights Bill? That bill, as he said, is supplementary, but it is indispensable. It defines certain common, universal, familiar rights, and it provides a remedy for their violation. It says in effect, and simply, that the United States mean to keep their word. It declares that solemn guarantees shall not be disregarded under the plea of natural prejudice. Why, in the name of common-sense, should one citizen of this country be allowed to gratify his prejudices against another in circumstances which the law can regulate? An innholder, for instance, keeps a house for public accommodation under the law. A guest arrives, late, weary, ill, and the landlord refuses him shelter solely because he has gray eyes or a blue coat, and the landlord has a natural prejudice against gray eyes and blue coats. Shall the guest have no remedy, and shall we say that it is useless to legislate against a prejudice? The reply does not answer the question. Here is the equal right of a citizen invaded. Prejudice may be as bitter as possible. But shall the citizen have no remedy? The next man may have a prejudice against his carrying a pocket-book. Shall it be taken from him without redress?

The short and sure way to deal with this kind of prejudice against the colored citizen is to make it unlawful to gratify it. So long as the indulgence is tolerated, the prejudice will continue. It is a matter of education and of habit; it is not natural. Children of all colors play together, nor know any aversion on account of color. Seamen of every hue sail together, and make one family. All that the colored citizens ask is that they shall have the equal protection of the laws. They do not demand favors. They desire that the law may strike at a custom which is allowed to set the law aside. Is their request unreasonable? Is it unnecessary? Personal preference, social intercourse, they know, quite as well as the rest of us, are beyond law; and certainly they have never shown the slightest disposition to disregard common good feeling and courtesy. Indeed, there is something very dignified in such conduct as that we have described in the oyster-house. Is there not also a powerful appeal in it? Shall honest, intelligent, industrious, useful, and orderly citizens be obliged to submit to such treatment? The insults of bullies they must endure as they can. But will the law refuse to guard them against outrage? The Senate has just warmly eulogized Mr. SUMNER. But could his noble form, so long familiar in the Capitol, have re-appeared but for a moment in his place as the music of those kind words died away, his voice would have rung through the chamber, "Senators, do not let the Civil Rights Bill fail!"

THE CABINET IN CONGRESS.

THERE has been some discussion recently of the suggestion that the members of the cabinet should be admitted to take part in the debates of the House. Two years ago a bill was introduced giving the secretaries seats, with the right of participation in debate, and requiring them to attend on Mondays and Thursdays to answer questions. The bill seemed superfluous, for there is no reason that Congress should not require an oral as well as a written reply to its questions addressed to the departments, and there are instances in the early days of the government of the appearance of the secretaries upon the floor. Nor is there any good reason why they should not explain and advocate their recommendations, if the House wishes to give that importance to the suggestions of the secretaries, which are not government propositions, but individual opinions. But no further legislation is needed. When Congress decided that Secretary HAMILTON should write his report, it did not decide that he might not explain it orally if required. A secretary could not be a member of the House in any sense; he could only be heard at the bar. This would have certain advantages, which were pointed out by the Cincinnati *Commercial* some time ago. It would avoid the long delays and evasions which often follow a request of Congress for information, and it would force the secretary to be thoroughly familiar with all the business of his department.

But it is a common mistake in discussing the question to regard the President's cabinet as a body resembling the British ministry. Parliament, like Congress, is the legislature, but the ministry, unlike the President's cabinet, is a committee virtually appointed by the majority of the House of Commons to initiate legislation and to carry on the government. Whenever a member of Parliament is called to ministerial office he must be re-elected, and the members of the ministry must occupy a seat in Parliament. On the other hand, when a member of Congress is called into the President's cabinet he resigns his seat in Congress. In England the rejection of a ministerial measure puts the ministry out of office, but in this country there is no such thing as a cabinet measure. The defeat of one minister in England is the signal for the retirement of all the ministers. But in this country it is not known nor asked whether the views of a secretary upon the affairs of his department are approved by his colleagues or not. Mr. BOUTWELL'S policy, as it was called, was his individual opinion of what should be done. He did not need, and probably did not ask, the opinion of his associates. The cabinet is merely the President's advisory board. If they do not agree with his view of important executive action, and can not persuade him, they retire at his request. With the exception of the Secretary of the Treasury, they report to him, and he has all the executive responsibility. Upon great questions he may ask their written opinions, as WASHINGTON did when he declared our neutral policy. But the agreement is a question between him and them with which Congress has no concern whatever. When a committee of Republican Senators labored with Mr. LINCOLN about Mr. SEWARD, they did so upon the same grounds upon which they might have asked the removal of a collector or a postmaster.

The presence of a secretary in the House would often be convenient, but as he would have no vote, and as the defeat of his most cherished measure would produce no change in the *personnel* of the administration, his presence could hardly be gratifying to himself. It certainly would not tend to diminish alleged intrigue with the committees or with members. The great game of patronage would be played as before. Minor offices could be asked and offered as the price of votes. The executive power over legislation would be affected by the presence of the secretaries in the House only by their eloquence. They would be administration orators, but their presence would neither enhance the dignity of the cabinet office nor abolish illicit influence.

THE NATIONAL CENTENARY.

THE Board of Finance for the Centennial Exhibition have issued a vigorous and eloquent appeal to the country not to permit the exhibition to fail. It is a plain statement of the situation. The law of Congress of March 3, 1871, authorized "an international exhibition." The act of June 1, 1872, fixed the capital at $10,000,000. Of this sum $4,000,000 have been already subscribed by Pennsylvania, aided by $100,000 from New Jersey. The State Department has corresponded with foreign powers, and many governments in Europe and South America have declared their intention to appear at the exhibition. Meanwhile individual subscriptions to the stock have been made in many States and Territories of the Union, and the object of the appeal is to induce a general subscription of all the citizens of the United States who feel well disposed to the great object. The price of shares is placed at $10, and certificates of stock will be returned upon application to the treasurer, FREDERICK FRALEY, 904 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

It is evident that if there is to be any other celebration than the ordinary Fourth of July festivity, it must be held at some particular place in the country, and there can not be any doubt as to what that place should be. If Faneuil Hall in Boston is the cradle of American liberty, Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia is not less the cradle of American independence, and the whole country would agree that if there were to be one great especial commemoration, it should be at Philadelphia. But the character of the commemoration and the enormous sum of money required give such chances for immense "jobs" that there has been great delay in subscribing. Yet we are informed that the financial management is really in the best as well as the richest hands; and the chances for abuse of the fund certainly seem no greater in this case than in all cases where much money is involved. There are so many men of high character concerned, not only in Pennsylvania, but in New York and in other States, that we must believe they will feel their personal reputations somewhat at stake in the faithful financial management of the exhibition.

The Board and all the Philadelphia friends of the enterprise feel themselves committed, by the acts of Congress and the foreign correspondence, to the international character of the celebration. This has always seemed to us a mistake from every point of view; for the essential idea of the event is nationality, and a "world's fair" upon the occasion is wholly without reason, and even ludicrous; but as those who are most actively interested in the management are resolved upon this point, the special and local celebration must fall altogether, or the subscriptions must be made with that understanding. Ten millions of dollars are necessary to insure success, of which, as we said, four millions have been subscribed. Plans of buildings have been approved, and the arrangements, according to the appeal, justify beginning the work of construction. If it is delayed until all the money is subscribed, there will not be time for international preparation, and there will be the same haste and incompleteness that were painfully evident at Vienna. It is hoped that Congress will give $3,000,000; but we can not—with the best wishes for the success of the enterprise—approve such a grant. The project of a celebration, although most excellent in itself, was not wisely conceived, and the national Treasury ought not to be called upon to push it through. Moreover, if the people throughout the country remain as apathetic as they have hitherto shown themselves to be, how can Congress give their money to a purpose which they personally decline to aid? Yet, while Congress should not grant the money, we hope that the people will. The appeal has been widely circulated. The celebration is one which every good citizen would gladly see succeed. The shares are fixed at a most reasonable sum. And should there not be the prompt and generous response which we sincerely hope there may be, we trust that the international character will be abandoned, and that a truly popular national celebration will commemorate the national centenary.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRESIDENT GRANT has defeated the inflationists. On April 22 he returned to the Senate without his approval the bill increasing the volume of the currency. Two extracts from the veto message will give a fair idea of the President's views. He says:

"Practically, it is a question whether the measure under discussion would give an additional dollar to the irredeemable paper currency of the country or not, and whether by requiring three-fourths of the reserves to be retained by the banks, and prohibiting interest to be received on the balance, it might not prove a contraction. But the fact can not be concealed that theoretically the bill increases the paper circulation $100,000,000, less only the amount of the reserves restrained from circulation by the provisions of the second section. The measure has been supported on the theory that it would give increased circulation. It is a fair inference, therefore, that if in practice the measure should fail to create the abundance of circulation expected of it, the friends of the measure, particularly those out of Congress, would clamor for such inflation as would give the expected relief. The theory, in my belief, is a departure from the true principles of finance, national interest, national obligations to creditors, Congressional promises, party pledges on the part of both political parties, and of the personal views and promises given by me in every annual message sent to Congress and in each inaugural address."

"It is claimed by the advocates of the measure herewith returned that there is an unequal distribution of the banking capital of the country. I was disposed to give great weight to this view of the question at first; but on reflection it will be remembered that there still remain $4,000,000 of authorized bank-note circulation assigned to States having less than their quota not yet taken. In addition to this, the States having less than their quota of bank circulation have the option of $25,000,000 more, to be taken from those States having more than their proportion. When this is all taken up, or when specie payments are fully restored or are in rapid process of restoration, will be the time to consider the question of 'more currency.'"

The news of the veto was received with great joy throughout the country and abroad.

The United States Senate, April 20, passed a bill to enable the Secretary of the Treasury to gather information regarding the fur trade of Alaska. The House, April 20, passed a bill providing for the better protection of the frontier settlements of Texas against Indian and Mexican depredations.—The Senate, April 21, voted to relieve the sufferers by the overflow of the Mississippi. The bill to provide for the payment of the Louisville and Portland Canal bonds was amended by the Senate, and returned to the House for concurrence. The House, April 21, instructed the Committee on Naval Affairs to inquire into the management of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.—Senator Windom presented the report of the Transportation Committee, April 24, favoring the improvement of water routes as a solution of the difficulty, in opposition to the double-track freight railway scheme.

The disastrous overflow of the Mississippi River has not abated. Many of the finest plantations are submerged, and almost the entire parish of West Baton Rouge and the whole parish of Iberville are under water. Bridges have been swept away on the Jackson and Mobile railroads, and all trains to New Orleans are delayed.

The Arkansas rival Governors have not yet settled their differences, and the capital still presents the appearance of a war camp. Baxter proposed to refer the questions involved to a competent tribunal, both forces meanwhile to be withdrawn, with the exception of body-guards. But Brooks refused the proposition, and matters remain as they were.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN the House of Commons, April 24, Mr. Smollet moved, and Mr. Whalley seconded, that the suddenness of the late dissolution of Parliament was deserving of the censure of the House, and characterized Mr. Gladstone's action as that of a trickster. Mr. Gladstone challenged a repetition of the word "trickster," and upon the refusal of Mr. Smollet to repeat the word, charged him with lack of decency and manliness, and then left the House.

The British House of Commons has passed bills abolishing the duty on sugar and the horse license duty, and reducing the income tax a penny in the pound.

The British ministry has advised the Queen to confer a mark of distinction upon Captain Glover for his services in the Ashantee war.

The British House of Commons has voted to grant General Sir Garnet Wolseley £25,000.

The English courts have denied the application of Arthur Orton, the Tichbornite, for a new trial.

The Indian budget estimates the extraordinary expenses of the government for the fiscal year 1874–75, on account of the famine, at $32,500,000, and proposes a loan of $42,500,000 to meet the demand.

In Spain the plan of campaign proposed by Marshal Serrano and Admiral Topete has been adopted. General Concha has disembarked 10,000 troops at Santana, and the Carlists will be attacked simultaneously at different points. The Carlist General Saballo has issued a proclamation decreeing the punishment of death to all persons furnishing food to the cities of San Sebastian, Renteria, and Irun. A rumor is current that the Carlists have asked Serrano for an amnesty.

The crews that rescued the castaway steamer *L'Amérique* have taken action to recover $500,000 salvage. The French Minister of Marine promises a rigid investigation of the matter.

The authorities of San Domingo have removed the flag of the Samana Bay Company, and resumed possession of the bay and surrounding country. The company has appealed to the United States government.

The Emperor William in person closed the session of the Reichstag, April 25, with a formal speech of no general importance.

Advices from Constantinople are to the effect that the Suez Canal troubles have been settled by M. De Lesseps's acceptance of the tonnage rates prescribed by the International Commission.

A LONDON SKETCH.

THE asphalt pavement, when smooth and solid, affords a pleasant relief from the rattle and jar of stone pavements, whether Belgian or cobble; but under the best conditions it gives the horse so insecure a foot-hold that accidents similar to the one depicted on this page are of frequent occurrence. The hazard of a fall is considerably increased when rain has made the surface still more slippery. In the sketch before us the horse is not so hopelessly down as he sometimes falls, and if those two or three volunteer philanthropists will only hang on well behind, he will soon be lifted on his legs, and the old lady whom the policeman is trying to keep quietly in her seat will be able to proceed on her journey.

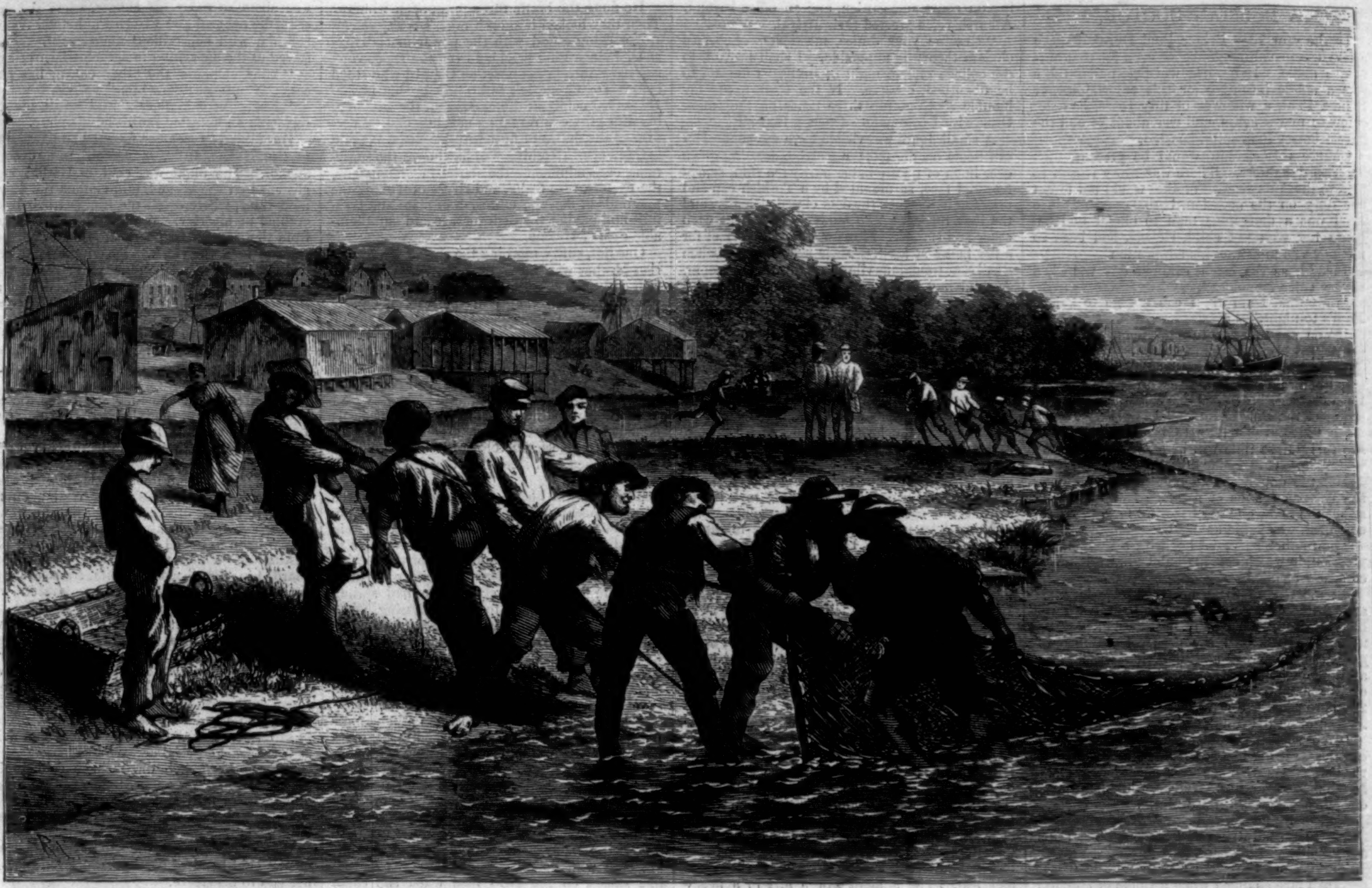
THE ST. LOUIS POST-OFFICE.

THE government building at St. Louis, of which we give an illustration on the opposite page, designed by the government supervising architect, Mr. MULLETT, is to be one of the series of large permanent constructions simultaneously erected throughout the country. Designed, like all the series, for the Post-office and United States courts of the city and district, it will accommodate the Custom-house officials as well, who by the recent law may receive bonded importations under lock in the interior ports. Such have been the changes in the administration of the post and customs that the government architect must have a knowledge of the innovations in order to make his accommodations harmonious. By indirect legislation our post-offices have also become banks, and special provision is required for counting-rooms and vaults, while the St. Louis structure is the first in the world to receive and deliver its mails on the railway, the great tunnel from the St. Louis Bridge passing under the Post-office, that the mail trains may take up their burdens without carters and go-betweens.

The St. Louis building is 230 feet by 180, and covers a whole square of ground, which cost something above $300,000; it is 78 feet high to the main cornice, and to the lantern on the dome 186 feet. The lower, or Post-office floor, is 25 feet 6 inches high, the other floors 22 and 21 feet. The main order is rusticated Roman-Doric, with an inclination toward the Tuscan; and for its dimensions the building is almost plain and quite massive compared with some of the more elaborate works of the architect. It shows, however, his conspicuous features, which are adherence to classical severity while employing the French Renaissance treatment, and a rich but solid arrangement of the pavilion, which is made necessary by the dome above it. Mr. MULLETT holds that classical architecture alone is suitable for large secular edifices, and that almost every attempt to adapt Gothic architecture, which is essentially ecclesiastical, to secular uses has been a failure, even in the Houses of Parliament.

The St. Louis Post-office is built up to the basement of red granite from the neighboring Iron Mountain, and above of dark gray granite from Hurricane Island, on the coast of Maine;

A LONDON SKETCH—DOWN ON THE ASPHALT.



SHAD-FISHING IN THE JAMES RIVER, OPPOSITE RICHMOND.—[From a Sketch by W. L. Sheppard.]

the latter, singularly enough, is said to be delivered at no more cost than the Missouri granite, which is hauled about one hundred miles. About $4,000,000 will be spent on the St. Louis building.

SHAD-FISHING IN THE JAMES.

The shad fishery this year all along the coast, from the Savannah River northward, has been prolific almost beyond precedent. Nothing like it has been known for years. The increase is, in all probability, owing to the stocking of the rivers with young shad, commenced some eight years ago in the Connecticut by Mr. Seth Green, who, although fishermen upbraid him with spoiling the market, deserves the thanks of the community for the abundance and cheapness of this delicious fish. On this page will be found a sketch of shad-fishing in the James River near the city of Richmond.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—From a Photograph from the Architect's Drawing.—[See Page 392.]

A RUSSIAN DOCTOR.

IN the year 18— Prince Paul Durakoff gave a fête of unusual magnificence even for that luxurious noble. His world whispered that there was a subtle incentive for this entertainment: Prince Paul, a widower of fifty years, had decided to marry again, and was about to cull the fairest flower the capital boasted.

Countess Lochadoff would be present, with her two daughters. There was every reason to believe that this discreet mother would not forget her duty on the occasion, both because Prince Paul was a dangerous man to offend and because her youngest child, Hélène, had been so fortunate as to attract his admiration.

Behold, as the bright summer day waned, a silvery voice announced,

"Mamma, I am ill; I can not go to Prince Paul's to-night."

"You are to wear turquoise-blue crêpe and pearls," said the countess, calmly, thrusting a jeweled pin into her own blonde tresses, as she stood before a mirror. "My dress will be scarlet and gold, because I have learned that the secret of the Benkendoff toilet is pink. It cost me a twenty-ruble note to bribe the modiste. Ma foi! Rose tints will be adorable beside my vermilion. Go to your dressing-room."

But the daughter had quietly fainted among the velvet cushions of a sofa. Her black hair swept the floor, and her beautiful face, of a delicate oval, was pallid as death.

The mother surveyed her with a singular expression, in which contempt and admiration were curiously blended.

At the foot of the couch stood Maria, maid and foster-sister, tall, strongly built, with the heavy, impassive aspect of the Russian peasant, in which is reflected the dreary endurance of generations. Frost and hail, hunger, fatigue, and oppression, were mirrored in the expression of this handmaiden, who had actually known few hardships, because reared in the household instead of on the country estate.

"We shall see, my angel," murmured the countess, setting her lips firmly; and snatching the jeweled pin from her curls, she pricked smartly the nerveless arm of Hélène, while her glance darted suspiciously toward Maria.

Hélène did not move.

"I will send for Dr. Obrasoff. Take her away."

Maria lifted the girl. Not a muscle of the servant's face changed when a ripple of laughter was smothered in her broad bosom.

"I did not wince," whispered Hélène.

"Have a care, little mother, for the doctor will come," replied Maria, in a guarded tone.

The girl slipped from the arms of her attendant, and ran to an alcove screened by curtains. In the alcove hung the pictures of St. Sergius and St. Nicholas. Hélène addressed them with a passionate gesture.

"See what misfortunes you heap on me, holy saints! Why was I ever born? This man turns the blood in my veins to ice when he looks at me. The doors of his palace tell no secrets, and I must marry him. He could destroy us otherwise. He is terrible."

"There is the convent!" suggested Maria.

Hélène writhed uneasily. "Always the convent! I have seen the nuns in my dreams closing around me in mournful circles, and heard the rustle of the papa's brown robe. Tenez!"

As her sister entered the room, Hélène lay wan and listless on her bed. Anna Lochadoff had the Calmuck physiognomy—high cheek-bones, veiled Tartar eye, and full lip. Her manner was impenetrable, her words often conveying more than was actually expressed, a naïve simplicity masking cutting sarcasm.

"You are bold to remain at home," she said, coldly.

"I am ill," murmured Hélène, closing her eyes, and holding, quite unconsciously, a thread of fate.

This thread led to a table in the Petrofski Park, where two young men were served with the kalatsch, bread, melons, a burnished samovar, and Moscow porcelain, pink and yellow. These youths were pupils of the celebrated Dr. Obrasoff.

Fasili Petrovitch was a clown of the lower classes, with a pale, moon face, surrounded by a fringe of black beard, and opaque eyes. His slouching upper garment only just escaped being the caftan of the peasant. Nicholas Gregorief's bearing was frank and noble, and arrested admiration.

The evening was warm and calm, the river Moskwa flowed at the base of the Sparrow Hills. Beyond the heights women gathered the ripened gourds, their chief food, as peaceably as if Napoleon had never paused on the spot to gaze exultingly on glittering Moscow below.

Every where the glint of metal, the flash of mingling colors in the pure atmosphere, from the rainbow tints of the crowd to the white walls and red roofs of the houses. It was as if the East had poured her gorgeous hues through every channel of this ancient city, standing on the confines of two great divisions of the earth, a molten tide, prodigal, impetuous, up to the sacred Kremlin wall, and was curbed, driven back, by the golden cross, from tower and battlement, as Polish spears had been foiled in past centuries.

The young men sipped their tea; then he of the moon face, Fasili Petrovitch by name, consulted a watch as clumsy as himself, and rose.

"It has been a holiday worth having. Now to work again," said Nicholas, gayly.

Taking their way homeward rapidly, they soon entered a street which had every appearance of being in the country, instead of the heart of a metropolis. Here dwelt the famous Dr. Obrasoff, in a wooden cottage, with windows overlooking the street. The young men entered a gate opening on court and garden, and an office beyond. A harsh voice greeted their arrival.

"Resume your duties, messieurs. Lebrun's cholera theory is untenable. I shall prove it to the college after a night of study. I am not to be disturbed, observe. If the Czar needs my humble services, rap three times on the panel. Otherwise I command silence. Bonsoir."

A small figure was visible for a moment—Kasan boots on the feet; a Persian dressing-gown over linen of questionable purity; a thin, sharp-featured face, surmounted by a Turkish cap and bristling hair—then the door closed violently, and the lock turned. The students looked at each other and smiled. Moscow was at their feet for a few hours at least. Their hearts leaped when a bell sent tremulous vibrations through the room. A child had fallen and broken his arm, and a breathless parent demanded assistance. Nicholas closed his book with assumed reluctance and secret delight. Fasili plucked him timidly by the sleeve, with eyelids and lips quivering excitedly, while his hand strayed to a case of surgical instruments.

"Let me go," he implored, hoarsely.

"Go, then," replied Nicholas, impulsively.

Left alone, the latter flushed to the temples, and frowned. He had relinquished his chance. Hark! The bell tinkled again. Dr. Obrasoff's attendance was required at once at the residence of Countess Lochadoff. A dimple revealed itself at the corner of the student's handsome mouth. The reward of self-sacrifice might be already in his grasp. He glanced irresolutely at the closed door: a subdued humming tone, produced by the great physician in moments of profound thought, warned him against intrusion. He took up his hat, and followed the messenger.

Silence and gloom in the court-yard, with the house dimly revealed—a stone foundation, arched, surmounted by a château-like edifice, peaked, gabled, and with overhanging balconies. Silence and gloom in the corridors, muffled by heavy tapestries, but over one portal a star of light. Youth paused on the threshold, eager, timid, expectant.

A thrill shot through the frame of Nicholas Gregorief. He did not notice the silk hangings of a delicate sea-green hue, the broad mirrors, the divans, the vases and tables of malachite, the ebony screen, richly inlaid with gold. A crystal chandelier swung from the ceiling, and directly beneath lay the flower for whom chamber and adjacent conservatory seemed branch and leaf. The student saw a girl in a fleecy white robe, her attitude graceful and unstudied, one satin shoe thrust forth petulantly in the act of pushing away a casket of jewels.

"Are *you* the doctor?" Light leaped into the dark eyes, a faint rose stained the white cheek.

Nicholas resumed his professional gravity with an effort. His calm blue eye quelled her; he pressed her wrist with a passionless touch.

"What would mademoiselle wish?"

"I am not indisposed," she murmured.

"The nerves may be affected," dryly.

Hélène pouted, then smiled bewitchingly—a flash of white teeth gleaming between the rosy lips. Maria was a passive spectator of this scene.

"We will try a remedy," pursued the physician, writing on a slip of paper, which he dispatched by the messenger.

The two women studied him askance. He was of a German type: golden hair tossed back from a fair brow; steady blue eye; firm, large features; sensitive lips, covered with a silky mustache. Hélène raised herself from the pillow, and motioned Maria to wheel out a portfolio, supported in a gilded frame.

"Perhaps monsieur will honor me by looking at some of my poor sketches, to while away his time until the medicine comes," she said, with a mocking inflection of the voice.

It was the young man's turn to blush and stammer. The sheets passed from hand to hand, with occasional soft contact of finger tips—hasty etchings, minute pen-and-ink studies, delicately tinted water-colors, glimpses of sea, and far-reaching steppes. When they had finished she touched his sleeve.

"Must I take the medicine now?"

"Undoubtedly."

A vial containing a dark fluid was brought.

"I shall administer the first portion, and leave directions," he continued, uncorking the bottle, so that a pungent odor became perceptible. Hélène grew pale, and exchanged glances with Maria.

"Let us enjoy a little music first," in a tone of caressing entreaty; and, moved by this fresh caprice, the slender white form approached a corner devoted to melody.

"Choose your instrument," she said, with a coquettish backward glance.

"A woman's voice, and piano accompaniment," he answered, entirely without that courtly deference of manner to which Mademoiselle Lochadoff was accustomed.

"I prefer the violin."

"With that slender wrist? Ah, no. Leave it to me."

She sang, tremulously and low, not without a certain pathetic sweetness, yet lacking the brilliant *verve* usually infused into her song; and finally paused abruptly, clasping her throat.

Then Nicholas Gregorief took up the violin and swept the strings. The loving touch of the bow, drawing forth whispering notes of harmony, revealed the sole passion of his unstirred life. Music had been mentor, consoler, goddess, to the student. The tall form expanded, the noble head took a grander pose; a singular intentness of expression, far-seeing and abstracted, overspread the fine face. Hélène listened like a child in vacant surprise; Maria drew a long shuddering breath; the servant remained inactive; the mistress rose, humbled, overmastered, a reed in the whirlwind of emotion possessing her dormant soul, and crept to the musician's side.

"Shall I take the medicine now?"

He flung the bottle through an open window. Then they looked into each other's eyes.

Not being gifted with the power of clairvoyance, Prince Paul presided over the feast, vowing vengeance in his heart on the girl who stood before Dr. Gregorief, inthralled by his music. He smiled coldly at the excuses of the countess, his dull gray eye revealing nothing, and he performed the duties of host with his usual languid indifference. Nothing was lacking at the sumptuous entertainment—the sterlet in Champagne, the oysters, rare fruits, and rivers of Tokay, the pyramids of flowers, profusion of plate and crystal—nothing but the delicate face and unfathomable eyes of Hélène.

One hot, sultry morning the shrine of the Iberian Mother was unusually besieged. Refuge of rich and poor alike, haven of the oppressed and weary, the little chapel of the Virgin, outside the Inversky Gate, received the silver rain of offerings from zealous devotees. In the diminutive building, externally so plain, hung the famous picture brought from Mount Athos in the time of Czar Alexis, rich with gilded lamps, and guarded by priests. Ay, guarded jealously; for had not covetousness once possessed the heart of a lady, who wrenched a diamond from the border of the sacred robe with her teeth, and was banished to Siberia for the deed by a nation's wrath?

The platform before the chapel was covered with a kneeling throng. Here a woman from the country rested her head on the next step in an ecstasy of prayer; there a mujik fumbled in his capacious pocket for a kopeck for the Iberian Mother; and between stepped daintily a young officer, in helmet and cloak, who had sprung down from his drosky to ask a blessing, while his coachman, in blue dressing-gown and wide-brimmed hat, remained on the box, crossing himself three times.

Nicholas Gregorief approached hurriedly, his glance roving over the crowd, as if in search of some one, and knelt in the entrance of the chapel. He had scarcely done so when a light footfall echoed across the platform, and a silk dress floated down before him. His wildly throbbing heart and parching lips alone would have told him that the slight figure, enveloped in black lace, was Hélène. A tiny note slipped over the pavement to the young man's expectant hand. Nothing could have been more decorous than this visit, eloquent silence and propinquity filling both with delight—only there was a light like sunset on the girl's face when she came down to the boulevard again, a glory not gained from the contemplation of our Blessed Lady.

Prince Paul sat in his carriage, with head reverentially uncovered. The horses, sleek animals from Southern Russia, fretted in their silver trappings, and the elderly nobleman, his gaze searching the crowd, motioned a pallid, moon-faced young man to his side.

"Who is the clown kneeling in the door of the chapel, Fasili Petrovitch?"

"Dr. Obrasoff's assistant, your highness."

"Stay! Write your father to come to me next week."

Fasili made a profound obeisance as the gay equipage rolled away. Dread and reverence for power in the person of Prince Paul had been imbibed with the first breath drawn by Fasili Petrovitch. His father had been starost of the nobleman's village.

An hour later Hélène stood before her future husband, submissive and graceful. He was urging a speedy marriage, to which she assented with becoming docility.

"We may arrange matters for the last of the month, ma princesse," he said, raising her hand to his lips.

The storm dashed against the pane, and the wind sighed drearily through the leafless trees. Maria was consuming her dinner in the servants' room, going through with the native soup, schie, and the stewed buckwheat composedly, not forgetting a draught of kvas. Ivan, her affianced husband, stolid and good-humored, sat opposite, and could find no fault with her appetite, although he was ignorant that this was the last meal she intended to share with him in life. Above stairs Hélène was contemplating her wedding garment, with its folds of lustrous satin and frost-work of lace.

"It was the same with me when I married," the countess was saying, a placid smile on her fair face. "I experienced no grande passion, and yet I lived comfortably with your father."

"As I must learn to do with Paulovitch," replied the daughter, flippantly.

But it is also true that two women made their way through the city in the dreary twilight, one carrying a shivering monkey, and the other bearing a silver lamp. Passing in shadow, these fugitives reached a church of quaint, heavy structure. Maria prostrated herself on the polished pavement while her mistress made her offering—the silver lamp filled with pure oil. It was thus that Hélène Lochadoff bought her peace with Heaven. Outside the city the storm beat upon them mercilessly, as if it were the scourge of public opinion. A vehicle paused, and a man approached them. Hélène extended her slender hands to Nicholas. "Oh, my love, my love, I have nothing left besides you. Take me away."

Heroism often underlies frivolity. Mademoiselle Lochadoff, whose youth had been spent in a scented boudoir, went forth to meet her fate through rain and darkness without one backward glance. The monkey had fallen to the ground. She paused to gather the hairy atom in her arms.

"She defies me!" said Prince Paul, grinding a medallion portrait of his bride elect beneath his heel. Then he gathered up the fragments carefully, and laid them away in a cabinet.

"I will forgive you, ma belle, when these bits reunite."

Fasili Petrovitch, ignorant of these events, was about to enjoy his supper, when the door suddenly opened, and Prince Paul stood regarding him with supercilious amusement. Fasili stared at the apparition in speechless surprise.

"Your comrade, the other clown, has gone east. You must follow him."

"I obey, your highness," said Fasili, meekly, replacing an untasted radish on his plate.

Her Majesty's steamer *Euryte* had entered the port of Hakodadi before sundown, and dropped anchor. The night was cold and still; snow glistened on the ground, and clothed the distant mountains, where dwell the Eionos, their origin cradled in mystery. A native boat pushed off from the shore. In this boat sat a woman enveloped in a fur cloak. When the light craft had paused beneath the gunwale of the man-of-war, the woman threw back her hood, and addressed the officer of the watch in voluble French.

Her statement was that a Russian doctor residing in the town had been shot by his assistant, and she implored the services of a surgeon. In response to this petition Dr. Croft was soon returning to the shore with the stranger.

The streets were snow-incrusted, and the cold had driven most of the inhabitants within-doors. Lanterns glimmered like moving insects in the darkness, now animating the features of a singing-girl, and flashing over her silk garments; now revealing a norimon of lacquered wood, with its brawny bearers; now resting on two coolies in the act of exchanging salutations, with a courtesy never lacking in the lower classes. The woman hastened on until they reached their destination—a house like all the rest, two sides boarded in, the windows of thin, transparent paper, the floor, exquisitely clean, covered with padded matting.

The injured man lay on a couch, his wife kneeling beside him, and another individual, with a pale, moon face, standing behind her in an attitude of extreme dejection. The wife was a beautiful woman, but her face was white with alarm, although her manner had a hysterical gayety more sad than tears. She was dressed in satin, with gold ornaments on neck and wrist, as if for some especial occasion.

"Fasili Petrovitch did it," she said, in English. "You see, we must indulge in some folly on a birthday festival out of the world here. He would have it that they should shoot at the medal on the wall. I am afraid of loaded weapons."

While speaking she rained passionate kisses on the cold hand of her husband, even pressing her lips to his sleeve.

Still shielded by her hood, Maria stood regarding her with an inscrutable expression. The English surgeon, his manner gravely kind, led Hélène to the door, and motioned Maria to follow. Then he approached Nicholas Gregorief, and laid his hand on his heart.

"There is no hope—he is dead. How are we to inform her?" he inquired, in a low tone.

Fasili, who had stood dumb and apathetic, at these terrible words flung up his arms wildly, with a gesture of despair, and rushed from the room.

When Dr. Croft came forth, later, it was to find the assistant crouching on the floor, his face hidden in a fold of Hélène's dress, which he held in a suppliant attitude.

"It was an accident," he muttered.

"I shall never forgive you!" was her stern reply. "A fool's prank! Was it not sad enough that we were a little household alone in a foreign land? Have you no gratitude or affection? When he recovers I shall tell him what I think of you!"

Fasili staggered to his feet, and cast a glance around him, like an animal at bay. "Forgiveness, Nicholas!" he groaned. "She will drive me out of the world!"

Hélène did not heed him. She had turned to the stranger with a soft smile of entreaty. "May I go back to him now? I am a very good nurse."

All formulas of sympathetic utterance failed the surgeon. The very words he had meant to speak froze on his lips. Here was a transition from life to death so sudden, so awful, that a woman's reason failed to grasp the truth, while a stranger's hand must deal the cruel blow of revelation. Naturally kind-hearted, Dr. Croft resented the position he was forced to assume.

"My dear madam," he at length said, "your husband no longer needs you."

A blank incredulity, a feeble, uncertain movement of trembling hands, and from her slowly parting lips welled a low, shivering cry, such as goes up from breaking hearts.

Fasili Petrovitch appeared to have gone mad. He wept and prayed amidst incoherent ravings. He alternately beat his forehead violently with his clinched hands, as if to deaden sensation, and held his throbbing temples, as if to collect his thoughts. Once he rushed forth and laid himself down in the snow until half frozen, and then cowered over the charcoal fire, benumbed. He asked himself, stupidly, blindly, how the dreadful deed happened. Nicholas was his friend, his comrade; but Prince Paul was a higher power, with whom he had prevaricated for a year, until the meshes of the net had been woven closer, beyond the possibility of escape. After all, he had not killed Nicholas. Oh no! the other held the weapon. It was a sudden movement, the slip of a finger, the swerving of a hair's breadth, that achieved all. And he was free.

He went on tiptoe to a panel, and cut an aperture with his knife in the flowered paper of the partition sufficiently large to enable him to look into the chamber beyond. There lay the Russian doctor in the awful majesty of death, the golden hair tossed back, the serene face untroubled. A subdued sound of wailing greeted the ear, but it did not proceed from the wife, whose arms encircled senseless clay, and whose head rested on an unresponsive breast. The mourner was Maria, in a dark corner.

"Speak to me, look at me, life of my life,"

whispered Hélène. "You are not dead. I will not believe it. It would be too monstrous, too cruel, that my all should be taken from me. Ah, God, such a robbery! I dare not contemplate it!"

Fasili turned away from this spectacle with features convulsed. He went deliberately to a case, and poured the contents of a bottle down his throat. The vial contained belladonna.

So the night wore on. The man-of-war rode at anchor in the harbor, and the lanterns went out one by one, merging into a darkness like that which had descended on the Russian household.

Hélène and Nicholas had been married a year. The devotion of the wife exceeded, if possible, the tenderness of the husband, for there was in it an element of heroism. Like Madame Hertzen, she had not only quitted home and friends, but sacrificed her household altar. Nicholas was a philosopher, imbued with German mysticism, a scoffer at outward forms; Hélène became also a philosopher, sweeping away the shrines of her faith; yet there came with this change a doubt and unrest into the wife's deep eyes. Maria raised a storm of objection, fearing the displeasure of Heaven more than that of man, and was laughed at good-humoredly by Nicholas, with the lenient scorn of superior wisdom. In her self-abnegation Hélène gloried in sacrifice; her lover thus held sway over soul as well as heart. As the love of woman is far more spiritualized than that of man, and full of the element of her worship, so she bowed down before him in joyful humiliation, acknowledging his supremacy in all things. What the future of such blind affection and as yet gentle tyranny would have been we may not judge. All too soon, while the bloom was untarnished by fretting care, before the flower had faded, the Russian doctor lay dead, reached by an enemy who had sworn to annihilate him if he were in the world.

Day came fresh and pure, and the busy world of idol-makers, braziers, umbrella vendors, went on as if that marble form did not lie in the darkened house. Hélène's grief was beyond the reach of tears. She seemed to have sunk into a gulf so vast and deep that no ray of hope could penetrate the gloom. She sat beside her dead, and would not be comforted. Time had ceased for her. She may have vaguely questioned her own soul as to how she was to live on through all the coming years of misery alone. The wild fear may have beset her of where to turn for consolation. Words came to her ear dully that Fasili Petrovitch was in the last stages of delirium, his flaming eyes fixed on the fate he had chosen. Hélène remained dumb. What was it to her if all the human race died now?

"Arise," said a melodious voice, clear and vibrant as a bell.

At the bedside stood a priest, whose marvellous beauty was enhanced by the richness of his attire. His face was like the statues of the disciples in its untroubled calmness; long auburn hair mingled with the curling beard which descended to the girdle of his white silk robe. On his breast was a gold Greek cross. The perturbed spirit of Hélène went back to her childhood at this vision; she fell on her knees in a storm of weeping.

"Where has *he* gone?" she cried.

But the priest for answer kissed the brow and lips of the dead, and began to chant a prayer in sonorous tones.

In the meanwhile Fasili Petrovitch lay stretched on the rack of his own misdeeds. A part of his torture consisted in his mind continually dwelling on the virtues of his lost friend in contrast to his own baseness. Again the English surgeon had been summoned to hold out even a straw to the drowning wretch, but was thwarted in his most patient and skillful endeavors by Fasili's own energy of despair. Dr. Croft held a draught to the closed lips; he forced open the clinched teeth, and Fasili stubbornly refused to swallow the potion that would have saved him.

"The great lord has hunted me down. He has kept us between his fingers all our lives. Who can prevail against fate? Only that it should have been Nicholas! Mother of God and the holy angels! any one else! We studied together; he gave me precedence because of my stupid wits. Ah, Heaven! his was a mind! And his purse was ever open to me. There was a beautiful soul; and mine so black, so black! I am ready for the judgment. Stay!"

The restless tossing and moaning had gradually subsided. Nature was slowly losing her hold on the stalwart frame, when the surgeon observed a change. Fasili became rigid with terror, his dilating eyes fixed on the door. Evidently an apparition disturbed the distorted brain.

"I obey, your highness," he cried, in a shrill, piercing voice, and expired.

Day and night again: the terrible moment of parting had arrived, when earth must hide Nicholas from sight. Hélène followed the priest over the snow with hasty, unequal steps, unconscious that curious eyes observed her. Here the supreme agony was enacted. Frenzied with grief, words a mockery, faith uprooted, she tried to throw herself into the grave which held her all.

Moscow glitters in the midsummer sun. Ivan and his care-worn wife Maria trudge along the dusty highway to pray before the Iberian Mother. There is a convent outside the city walls, large, fortress-like, and sombre, where gentle nuns in black gowns and caps move like shadows.

Prince Paul Durakoff, unchanged in the lapse of years, likes to drive to this spot with his wife and son. The lady, Anna Lochadoff, remains in the carriage, while her husband enters the convent chapel. A mésalliance may not be forgiven this side the grave in her creed. Prince Paul leans against a pillar, apparently listening to the service, as the sweet voices swell in unison, while, in reality, his gaze singles out the fragile form of the sister who carries about a velvet bag to beg alms. It is part of her lowly mission to present this to visitors, and she receives the nobleman's gold coin without a trace of emotion.

There is no form of martyrdom in our age so dreadful to contemplate as the self-inflicted punishment this woman has undergone, with the object of saving her husband's soul rather than her own. The scourge and horse-hair garment, the flint-strewn floor, fastings, and vigils, have been her portion.

To Prince Paul she is an anomaly, a fascination, yet in his secret heart he feels a curious sense of pride in her. Across the gulf that separates them for time and eternity, with the mournful rustle of the nuns' black forms closing around her, Hélène's dark eyes turn on him with the triumph, "My spring has fled, but I have lived."

PERSONAL.

BISHOP WILEY, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, holds certain views about clergymen and business that might, without straining, be made to apply to any point indicated by geography. To his brother clerics of New Jersey he unbosomed himself thus: "The preachers should not divide their time between life-insurance, real estate, cranberry patches, and the salvation of men." Then he added a little something about undue familiarity in pastoral visits, and was emphatic against kissing any person, not even a child, outside of their own families.

—The present Lieutenant-Governor and now acting Governor of Massachusetts is THOMAS TALBOT, who was recently in Texas on a visit to his brother. He is a woolen manufacturer at Billerica, near Lowell, and is a son-in-law of the late Lieutenant-Governor, JOEL HAYDEN.

—That conspicuous Brahmin, the Rev. NARAYAN SHESHADRI, who was one of the most prominent figures at the late Conference of the Evangelical Alliance held in this city, is now preaching to the Presbyterians in London. He was one of the Brahmins to whom divine honors were paid by the people. His faith in Brahminism was first shaken by his reflecting upon a Brahminic tradition that a certain saint once swallowed the ocean in three sips. That was a little too tough and a great deal too moist for him. "Not any more Brahmin in his."

—The friends of the late CHARLES SUMNER in Boston have already sent in subscriptions to the amount of sixty-five hundred dollars for a memorial to be erected to him in that city.

—One BURMEISTER, very learned, is engaged on a work upon the Argentine States, to be completed in twenty volumes, and the republic has granted him $20,000 to aid him in that great pen-and-ink undertaking.

—Chief Justice WAITE's first opinion was delivered a few days since, in a case from Illinois, on the right of the State to tax non-resident national bank share-holders at the location of the bank. His brethren on the bench and the members of the bar speak of it highly, and REVERDY JOHNSON, who has probably tried as many cases before that tribunal as any man living, was very complimentary both as to the merits of the opinion and the manner of delivery. Speaking of REVERDY JOHNSON, who is now eighty years of age, and who has been in the constant practice of his profession since 1815, the writer of this saw him in Washington a few days ago, where he had just argued a case successfully before the Supreme Court, and taken the consolatory fee of $5000.

—Mrs. LINCOLN, of Canton, Massachusetts, has placed her name high on the scroll of public benefactors by leaving to the Massachusetts General Hospital the sum of $200,000.

—Mr. DISRAELI pleased the whole House of Commons the other day by one of those crisp little sayings for which he is famous. Several members had been engaged in a colloquial debate on the income tax, and interrogatories were addressed to Mr. DISRAELI, who quietly settled matters by saying that he would "merely remind honorable members of the remark made by a distinguished man when some friend said to him, 'I hope I shall not be indiscreet in asking you a question?' 'Oh,' said he, 'there can be no indiscretion in the question, but there may be in the answer.'"

—Lord CHARLES RUSSELL is sergeant-at-arms of the House of Commons, and in a certain way has the power to make himself agreeable or otherwise. He has just decided that London newspapers may each send a leader-writer to the reporters' gallery, but no correspondent will be allowed in that part of the house. The correspondents thereupon used language not adapted to the pulpit nor to these columns.

—It is said that Mr. ROBERT BONNER a few days since rejected an offer of $100,000 for his famous horse Dexter. This, we are told by horse men, is the largest sum ever refused for that sort of quadruped.

—Ex-Vice-President COLFAX was recently presented a gold-headed cane by the Odd-fellows of Bridgeport, Connecticut, whom he addressed. The chaplain said to him: "This gold is emblematical of the purity and brilliancy of your character, the steel ferrule illustrates the firmness and trueness of your principles, while the wood represents the perishable character of the calumnies uttered against you."

—Dr. LIVINGSTONE had certain views as to governments. In his last letter to STANLEY he wrote: "I disapprove of the election of chief magistrates every where. When you find a good man, like General GRANT, why not call him Prince, as the Germans did their good man, BISMARCK, quintuple his salary, and live the rest of your days like Christians?"

—Mr. PETER HARVEY, one of the oldest and stanchest friends DANIEL WEBSTER ever had, has presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society the eleven fine silver medals formerly owned by WASHINGTON, and known to connoisseurs as the WASHINGTON medals. Among them is the Boston medal, issued in honor of the evacuation of that city, and a FRANKLIN medal. They came into the possession of Mr. WEBSTER from one of the WASHINGTON family, and since Mr. WEBSTER's death have been owned by Mr. HARVEY.

—Archbishop MANNING, in a recent speech at Exeter Hall, London, on the subject of temperance, remarked that if the enormous liquor traffic continued to extend itself year after year unchecked, the day would come when Parliament would be unable to cope with it; and its influence over the people of the country would then be so strong that by it the votes of electors and elected would be determined. He looked upon this as one of the gravest signs of the present day.

—The late Baron ROTHSCHILD's racing stud was sold a few days since in London. The buyers were few. The total proceeds were about $71,000, or an average of $3575 per horse. "Marsworth" brought $25,000, "Pedometer" $8500, "Tancred" $6500. "Couronne de Fer" brought $12,500, and was bought by Lord ROSEBERRY, recently in this country.

—In reference to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, Mr. EMERSON writes to the committee who proposed to him the honor that at first he thought the offer was so novel and so unlikely to be sustained by the whole body of matriculated students that he must not think of it other than as the kindest compliment of a few friends. "But," he adds, "on thinking it over I find it is for you, and not for me, to judge of the probabilities of the election, and that you, and not I, must decide whether these are such as to justify you in actually proposing my name to the electors. If you persist, you are at liberty to propose my name, and, if elected, I shall certainly endeavor to meet your wishes and those of the university as to the time and the duties which the office shall require. With this letter I shall send to Boston my affirmative reply by the ocean telegraph, as requested by Dr. STIRLING."

—It is no longer a matter of doubt that the President, while in Philadelphia a few days since, offered the Treasury Department to Mr. A. J. DREXEL, which that gentleman declined, deeming it too great a sacrifice to accept that honor at the expense of the great financial interests of the house which has been built up mainly by his ability, and which now occupies a front rank among the leading banking firms of the world.

—At the dinner of the Yale Alumni, at Cincinnati, Ohio, a letter was read from the venerable ex-President WOOLSEY, of which the following is an extract: "You say that a word or two about myself would be acceptable. On this point I may say that since my resignation I have done a great deal of hard work in the way of study. One desire which I had when I left the presidency was to finish some things which I had begun, but would have no prospect of perfecting amidst the cares of that office. If I am appointed by my Father in heaven to have two or three years of life more, I may attain to the fulfillment of that purpose. If not, some one else will probably do better what I desire to do. My general health is good. My mind, so far as I can judge, is not yet weakened by old age, although I can perceive that my senses, or some of them, are growing weaker. I am generally cheerful, and more hopeful than I was when young. And certainly there is need of hope, aside from personal considerations, when the affairs of the country are conducted with so little wisdom, and when political corruption seems to be becoming more and more rampant."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Friday,	1.—SS. Philip and James.
Sunday,	3.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	10.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	14.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	17.—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday,	24.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	31.—Trinity-Sunday.
Friday,	1.—General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), Louisville, Kentucky.
Friday,	1.—General Conference Methodist Protestant Church, Lynchburg, Virginia.
Thursday,	7.—Southern Baptist Convention, Jefferson, Texas.
Wednesday,	20.—General Synod Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cedarville, Ohio.
Thursday,	21.—Presbyterian General Assembly, St. Louis.
Thursday,	21.—Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, Columbus, Mississippi.
Thursday,	21.—Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly, Springfield, Missouri.
Friday,	22.—Baptist Anniversaries, Washington.
Wednesday,	27.—United Presbyterian General Assembly, Monmouth, Illinois.

JUNE.

Sunday,	7.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	14.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	21.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	28.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	29.—St. Peter.
Wednesday,	3.—General Synod Reformed Church, Poughkeepsie, New York.

A VERY silly and threatening letter has been sent by some of the residents of Guadalajara to the Rev. DAVID WATKINS, the companion of the murdered Protestant missionary STEPHENS. The signers order Mr. WATKINS to leave the country, and threaten, in case of his refusal, a political revolution. They pretend also that they have forwarded a petition to President LERDO asking for the expulsion of all Protestants from Mexico. The President has assured the friends of Mr. WATKINS that the Federal government "is determined to secure liberty of conscience and freedom of worship." The *Catholic Review* of this city still insists that Mr. STEPHENS might have expected what befell him. After giving its version of his method of labor, it asks: "Which one of the missionaries of the American Board would take his life in his hand as coolly in Japan or in China? or, if he did so, which one of his home contemporaries would eulogize him as a martyr when he reaped the natural reward of his hardihood? Upon what principle are 'papists' on their own soil to have their convictions thus outraged by these impertinent and ignorant foreigners?"

The cable was last week, as it so often is, in error when it reported that the Brazilian government had pardoned the Bishop of Pernambuco. The emperor has commuted the sentence from four years' imprisonment with labor to four years' imprisonment without labor. At the same time the fort of Santa Cruz was fixed upon as the place of confinement: this act of clemency saves the bishop from the house of correction. The bishops of Brazil denounce the government in unmeasured terms. The Bishop of Rio Janeiro especially threatens that the Brazilian clergy will withdraw their support from the reigning dynasty.

The Baptist Missionary Union of the United States has just closed its fiscal year. The total receipts have been $261,530; expenditures, $289,309; leaving a balance against the treasury of $27,779. The receipts of the year have been $45,430 more than those of the year preceding, and the missionary debt is $14,290 less. The anniversaries, as announced in our Calendar, begin on the 22d of May at Washington. On that day the jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary, of the Bible and Publication Society will be held; on the 23d and 25th the anniversary of the Home Mission Society, and on the 26th that of the Missionary Union. The hall of the House of Representatives will be used on Sunday, the 24th, for the delivery of the missionary sermon.

On Sunday, April 19, the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ADAMS delivered his last sermon as pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun., occupied for the first time his newly completed place of worship. Both preachers addressed crowded congregations. Dr. ADAMS very felicitously discoursed from a text descriptive of the forty years' pilgrimage of the children of Israel, reviewed the changes in the city and the country during the forty years of his pastorate, and made very touching reference to the many associates removed by death. Mr. TYNG preached the opening sermon at the dedication of his church; the services were prolonged during the entire week. This church supports several mission chapels, a House of Evangelists for the training of missionaries, a reformatory farm, and an orphanage.

The *Jewish Messenger* is greatly delighted with the appointment of Dr. FELIX ADLER to the professorship of Hebrew and Oriental literature in Cornell University. Of this gentleman the *Messenger* says: "He is the second son of Rev. Dr. SAMUEL ADLER, of the New York Temple Emanuel, graduated at Columbia College, and pursued a course of theological study in Berlin and Heidelberg, receiving the full degrees last summer. His opening address at the temple will be remembered as an eloquent effort, and his more recent lectures on Oriental literature and philosophy stamped him as an orator and thinker of rare merit. Impressed by the success of his lectures, several of his friends subscribed a liberal amount so as to fittingly endow the professorship; and, after a brief correspondence, the chair was created and the appointment made. Professor ADLER is now at his post."

No labors have in recent times been more heartily welcomed both in Europe and America than those of Jewish scholars in illustration of the antiquities and literature of their people.

Archbishop MELCHERS, of Cologne, was arrested on the last day of March and committed to prison for his refusal to obey the ecclesiastical laws of the empire. He resisted, and declared that he would only be taken by force; the necessary force was accordingly used. He was accompanied to prison by large crowds of "singing and shouting" sympathizers.

On the 23d of March, the twenty-fifth anniversary of King VICTOR EMANUEL's accession to the throne, and while the congratulations of Italy were pouring in upon him, a large number of the Roman nobility went to the Vatican to pay their respects to the Pope. Their address implied a settled hostility to the measures of the Italian government. The reply of the Pope predicted that the revolutionary work of 1874 would be overthrown, as that of 1789 had been.

The remains of the missionary and explorer, Dr. LIVINGSTONE, were placed, with all honor, in Westminster Abbey, on Saturday, April 18. Among the mourners was his father-in-law, Rev. Dr. MOFFAT; Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY was one of the pall-bearers. The Queen was represented by mourning coaches, and the Royal Geographical Society by numerous distinguished members. The services were very impressive, and were attended by crowds of people.

The Pope has expressed his approval of the proposed pilgrimage of American Catholics to Rome and other points of Europe. Monseigneur CAPEL has invited the pilgrims to take England on their way home. The Rev. PATRICK F. DEALY has been appointed by the Archbishop of New York to take charge of the excursion.

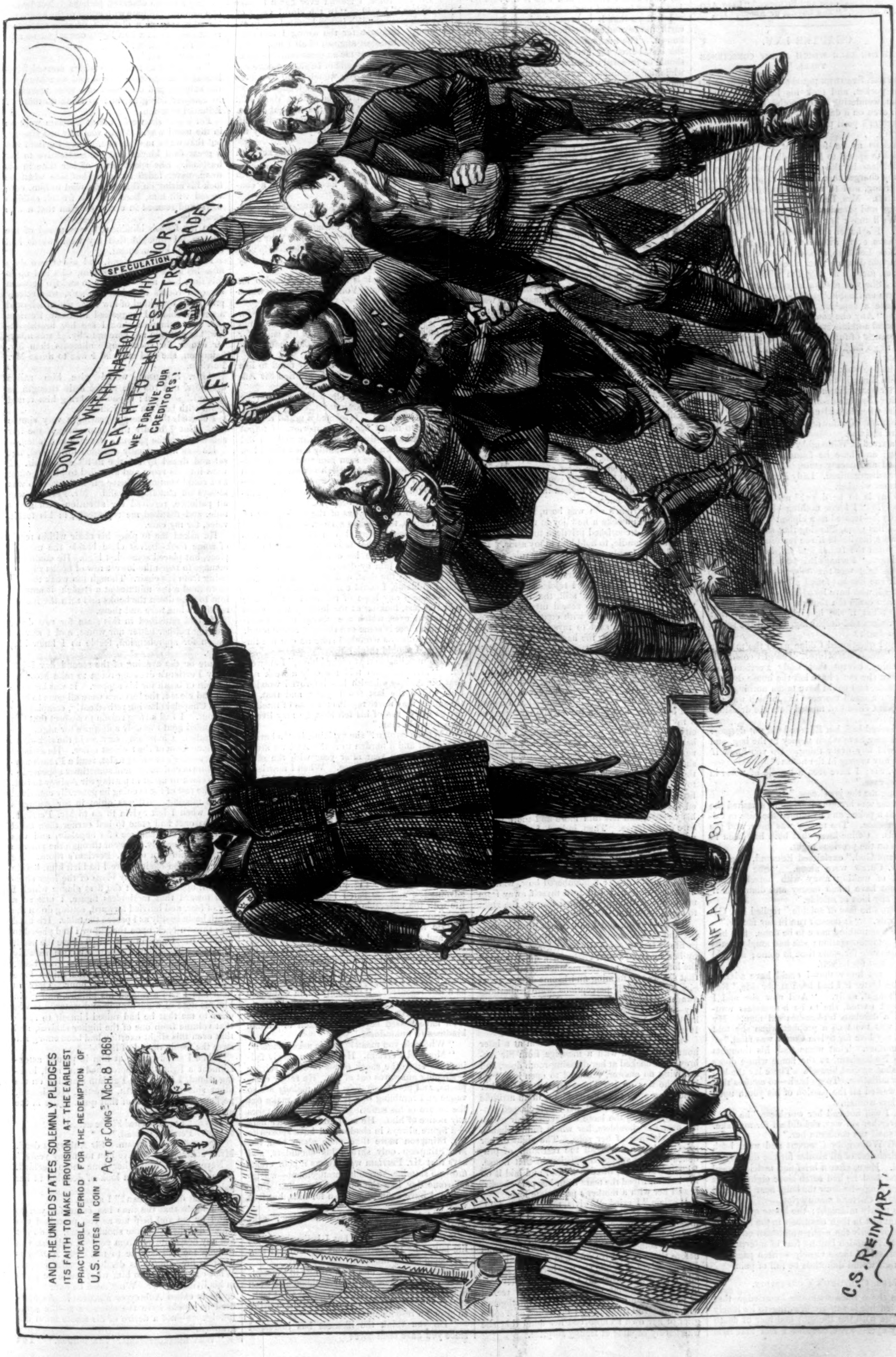
The expulsion of the displaced ultramontane *curés* from the Canton of Berne having been referred by appeal to the Federal Council, that body has decided that the canton was justified in the measures which it adopted.

The effect of the Pope's encyclical of March 7 on the ecclesiastical legislation of Austria has been favorable to further progress by the Reichsrath in the same direction. The second bill, which relates to church endowments, has been passed by a larger majority of the Lower House than the first bill secured. The clerical party have held a meeting in Vienna to protest against its adoption. Some 3000 persons were present, among them bishops and archbishops and many members of the higher nobility. The speeches were violent, and the entire assembly was pervaded with intense excitement. The following extreme resolution was passed: "We reject the doctrine of the modern state and the inferences drawn from that doctrine, those especially which diminish the rights of the Church. We deny that the infallibility of the Pope is a new doctrine or is dangerous to civil order. We adhere to our belief in the Divine origin of the Church, and are ready to defend its authority in educational and administrative matters. We look upon the late encyclical as blessed. We will not abandon our spiritual superiors in the hour of danger, and we continue in unshaken obedience to the Pope, who is infallible in all matters relating to faith or morals."

The opinion is confidently expressed that the bills will pass both Houses of the Reichsrath, notwithstanding this opposition.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

PRESS WITCHES (*to Macbeth—Uncle Sam*). "Show! show! show! Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; come like shadows, so depart."—SHAKESPEARE.



STAND BACK!

"I am not a believer in any artificial method of making Paper Money equal to Coin."—President Grant's *Veto of the Inflation Bill.*

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER LXV.

"IT IS THE TALE WHICH ANGRY CONSCIENCE TELLS."

EDMUND STANDEN put the roll of paper in his breast pocket, and took his leave of the sick woman, wondering at the mother's unselfishness, which even on a death-bed made the thought of a daughter's peril paramount above all personal suffering.

Anxious as he felt about Sylvia's fate, he stopped to appeal to Mrs. Ledlamb on behalf of the helpless invalid up stairs, volunteering to pay any charges that might be incurred in careful nursing, and to reward kindness by liberal donations. Mrs. Ledlamb, who was soft-hearted, wept and promised to do her best.

"We'll move her down into Mr. Perriam's room. It's better than where she is; and she shall have every attention, sha'n't she, Clara?" said Mrs. Ledlamb, appealing to the sharp eleven-year-old daughter, her eldest hope.

"Yes, mar; I'm sure I'm willing to do any thing. She was always lady-like and pleasant, and gave no trouble."

"Quite a superior person," said Mrs. Ledlamb. "Any one could see that."

Edmund administered another five-pound note, as an earnest of future favors, and left the dreary Arbor to go back to London and to Willoughby Crescent.

He had to walk back to Hatfield through the unknown lanes in the deepening dusk, carrying a heavier heart than he had ever known yet; for the pain of Sylvia's desertion two years ago seemed light when looked upon in comparison with the anguish of knowing her to be the guilty creature she was.

He arrived at Willoughby Crescent late in the evening; and here he found Mr. Carew in a wretched and uneasy state. The whole household was disorganized. Lady Perriam had gone, none knew whither.

"What is to be done?" asked Mr. Carew, helplessly. "I know nothing—have been kept in the dark—treated as a cipher."

"She has gone, knowing that shame and disgrace were inevitable if she remained," said Edmund, when the father had finished his fretful lamentings. "Perhaps it is better that it should be so. Flight was the only escape possible to her. If she has but found a safe asylum, I am content—I, who have loved her so dearly."

But then came the thought of a darker possibility. What if she had rushed out of that house, restless and despairing, to find the surest escape in death?

Edmund questioned Céline as to the manner of her mistress's departure. The girl could tell him nothing, except that Lady Perriam had gone: that she must have left the house dressed in her weeds, and could have taken nothing with her except a small morocco bag, which was the only object Céline had missed from the dressing-room.

This looked bad, but Edmund did not despair.

"She may have taken money in the bag, and money will buy every thing. Do you know if she had any money in the house?"

"Yes, Sir; I have seen a bundle of notes in her jewel-case."

"Bring me the jewel-case."

The case was brought. Edmund smashed the lock with a poker, and examined the case in Céline's presence. The money was gone, and the diamonds. Céline knew that both had been in the case on the previous night.

"Thank God," exclaimed Edmund, when he and Mr. Carew were alone. "She has not thought of making away with herself. She would not have taken money and diamonds if she had any idea of suicide."

"There's no fear of suicide," replied Mr. Carew, calmly. "It doesn't run in our family."

There was nothing more to be done. She had escaped all interrogation; she had ample means of maintenance for some time to come; she had done the best for herself.

"I do not know that I could have advised any thing better if I had been at her side," Edmund thought, sadly. "And now she and I are indeed parted, she to be a nameless wanderer, I a desolate, broken-hearted man. My mother was too true a prophet when she told me that my love for Sylvia Carew was fatal."

His mother. That name took his thoughts back to Hedingham, to the home whose doors he had shut against himself. There lay the bitterest humiliation. To go back—to confess that he had wasted all the passion of his youth upon a worthless woman.

"No, I will not call her worthless," he said; "whatever her sin was, she did all for my sake. My lips shall not condemn her."

He left Willoughby Crescent and went back to that dreariest of all abodes for the dejected—his hotel. Here, after a brief and tasteless meal—the first food he had eaten since eight o'clock in the morning—he drew the lamp near him, and opened Mrs. Carter's manuscript.

It was nearly midnight; the house quiet; the servants at rest in their chambers in the Norman-Gothic roof; only the night-watchman on guard below. Mr. Standen had no fear of interruption in the perusal of these closely written pages—a reading that would doubtless be full of pain.

MRS. CARFORD'S CONFESSION.

I write these lines with the knowledge that my troubled life is rapidly drawing to its lonely close—write with the thought and fear of death before my eyes—write because I feel that it is my duty to the living to leave behind me a clear and truthful confession of my sin, even though by so doing I may bring sorrow and shame upon her for whom I sinned, and who is the sole object of my love and pity.

I believe that it is better for her peace—on earth and beyond earth—that the truth should be known. The first suffering will be lighter than the last, better for her that her wrong-doing should be revealed while justice may yet be done, while her victim still lives, and some atonement may be made, than later, when his life may have been shortened by her sin, and atonement may have become impossible. She will say, perhaps, that her mother's sole legacy is shame and grief for her; but let her believe that her mother's last thoughts were full of tenderness for her, and that even in this act of confession her ultimate peace was the chief object of that unhappy mother's desire.

When first I came to Perriam Place as nurse and attendant to Sir Aubrey Perriam the change in my mode of existence was so complete that it seemed to me like the beginning of a new life. From the deepest poverty, from the most sordid surroundings, from the ceaseless struggle for daily bread, from a life whose present deprivations were darkened by the shadow of the future, which might bring even worse misery, I found myself suddenly placed in a position of perfect ease and comfort, luxuries that I had not known for years again at my command, my wants provided for without an effort or a thought of mine. All this I owed to Lady Perriam, my benefactress, who had seen me in my distress, and whose benevolence had been enlisted by my abject misery—Lady Perriam, who knew not that the object of her charity was her most unhappy mother!

All that was demanded of me in return for these new and manifold blessings was unvarying devotion to my patient. That I conscientiously rendered. I can safely say that for the first year of my residence at Perriam my duty was never out of my thoughts. I felt for my helpless patient a pity which was almost affection. He was troublesome, he was exacting; my nights were often broken, my days always laborious; but his affliction insured my compassion, and the study of my life was to lighten the burden of his wearisome existence.

Lady Perriam's son was born, my grandson, and his birth awoke a new joy in my heart. It was my most cherished privilege to watch beside the infant's cradle, to hold him in my arms. But this delight I only enjoyed at intervals, and by the favor of the nurse.

It was not selfish pleasure alone which I felt in that dear one's birth. I rejoiced for the sake of her who was dearer still, the daughter to whom I never dared to reveal myself, lest she should shrink from me with contempt or aversion. "Now," I said to myself, "my Sylvia will be happy. If her life has been hitherto purposeless and unhappy, spent in the gloomy silence of this old house, ministering to a husband who is dead in life, now all will be changed. This first-born son will occupy her empty heart, absorb all her thoughts, all her care—become the centre of all her hopes." This is what I hoped and believed; and for a little while it seemed as if my hope was to be realized. So long as novelty gave a charm to the endearments of her babe, Sylvia was happy; but even in her happiness I saw with deepest pain that the pleasure she derived from her first-born son was rather the delight of a child in the possession of a new toy than the deep joy of maternity. Little by little she tired of the child's company, complained that he was troublesome, lost her interest in his welfare, and left him more and more to the care of his nurse. Then, indeed, I trembled for my poor child's safety, for I saw that the one influence which would have purified her nature, redeemed it from all its original imperfections, was wanting. I remembered my own wedded life and its guilty close; remembered how, wanting in maternal love, I had torn myself away from my infant daughter—forfeited forever the right to claim her affection or duty.

Time went on, and I saw Sylvia growing sadder and more despondent. She took no pleasure in life. If she came to the sick-room, and sat by her husband's arm-chair for a quiet hour in the long day, her restless, melancholy air showed that she was performing an irksome duty. Even Sir Aubrey's dull perceptions were sometimes aware of this. "Go away, Sylvia," he would say—"go and be happy away from your afflicted husband. Why do you stop in this dull room? It makes me miserable to see your sad face."

One night I went to Lady Perriam at a later hour than usual, with a message from Sir Aubrey. I knocked at her dressing-room door, and receiving no answer, ventured to open it and go in. She was on her knees on the ground, her head flung upon the sofa-cushions, in an attitude of utter self-abandonment, her hands clasped convulsively among the loose disheveled hair which fell over her shoulders, her whole frame shaken by the violence of her sobs. The sight of her grief made me forget all the restraints of prudence and my supposed position in that house. I knelt beside her, lifted her head and laid it on my bosom, wiped the tears from her pale cheeks, kissed her with a mother's passionate love.

"Sylvia," I cried, "Sylvia, my beloved child, what is this secret grief? Confide in me, trust me—not a stranger, but your own mother. In whom should you trust if not in me?"

It was some time before she answered me, and before those convulsive sobs had slowly exhausted themselves. While she was becoming gradually calmer I told her my own wretched story—briefly, but without sparing myself the record of my own guilt. She received the intelligence with wonderful tranquillity; or, rather, as if some grief of her own so absorbed her mind that she was hardly capable of feeling surprise.

"If you are my mother, you ought to be true to me," she said at last—"yes, and help me and stand by me in my hour of need."

"Do you think I should ever again forsake you, Sylvia?" I said. "In the sinful years of my youth your childish image haunted me in every hour. Remorse for the wrong I had done you was the bitterest anguish of all I had to suffer. If Heaven gives me an opportunity of atoning for that wrong I shall not be slow to seize it."

"You mean that you would stand by me so long as my acts were such as God and man would approve," said Sylvia, with a thoughtful look; "but if I went out of the straight course, if I asked you to do something that involved difficulty, or even danger, would you stand by me then?"

"Yes, Sylvia, if I could reconcile the act with my own conscience."

"Conscience!" exclaimed my daughter, with a sneer. "Since when have you had a conscience?"

"From the hour of my wrong-doing. Remorse awakened my sleeping conscience."

"Well, mother," she exclaimed, lightly, "I am not going to put your courage or your affection to the test. What could you do to help me? Nothing. You could not lighten my burden by a feather's weight."

"I don't think it is a very heavy burden for you to bear, Sylvia. You have all things which the world calls good."

"Let the world judge for itself, and not for me," she cried, contemptuously. "I have not the only blessing that could make life happy for me. I have lost the love of the only man I ever cared for."

"You must have made up your mind to live without that, Sylvia, when you married Sir Aubrey Perriam."

"Oh, I was dazzled, blinded, bewildered by my father's worldly arguments, stung by Mrs. Standen's insolence. It seemed a grand revenge upon her to marry her son's superior. I forgot that I could not live without Edmund. I did not know my own heart—hardly knew that I had a heart. But I have seen him to-day. I passed him in Monkhampton High Street, saw scorn and regret both in his face, and came home—home to this dreary house—more completely miserable than I have ever been yet."

I tried to convince her of the wickedness of these regrets, this useless sorrow, but with no effect. She poured her tale of love and grief into my ear, told me of her brief engagement to Mr. Standen, his courage, his devotion, and how she had rewarded him by desertion. She humiliated herself to the dust, and though I was compelled to blame, I could not withhold my pity.

"Is there any hope of release for me?" she asked at last, looking at me intently with those full, bright eyes, which are always most steadfast when there is some evil thought in her mind. "In Sir Aubrey's wretched state he can not linger long, I should think?"

"Do not cling to that wicked hope," I answered. "Mr. Stimpson told me only a week ago that Sir Aubrey's health has improved wonderfully within the last few months, and that, although he may never regain clearness of intellect or the active use of his left side, he may live to be a very old man."

"What a burden!" she exclaimed—"a burden to himself and a burden to me! And we are to go dawdling on year after year with the same joyless, objectless existence. When I married I thought I was to lead a life of splendor and pleasure—that the world would teach me to forget my forsaken lover. Do you think I should have been mad enough to enter knowingly upon such a life as this—the life of a convent or a prison? I was twenty times happier at the school-house. If I had only known it," she added, with a profound sigh.

I urged her to do her duty meekly and patiently, so that she might feel the tranquil blessedness of a life well spent. I reminded her of her many advantages, and entreated her to contrast her life with the miserable existences which fill that nethermost world where poverty reigns supreme.

"Be happy that your husband is spared to you, and that by your devotion to him in his declining years you may prove your gratitude for the affection which has raised you from a village school-master's daughter to be mistress of Perriam Place," I said, appealing to her worldliness as a last resource. "Be kind to him while you have the power. There is one in this house to whom you have not been overkind, and who may soon have passed beyond the reach of human kindness or unkindness."

"Whom do you mean?" Sylvia asked, eagerly.

"Mordred Perriam. He has been slowly fading ever since the shock of his brother's seizure—slipping unawares out of life. He rarely complains, and his descriptions of his malady are so vague and rambling that it is hard to make out the nature of his sufferings. No one ever takes any notice of him. He is of no importance here—a figure always in shadow. I have spoken to Mr. Stimpson more than once about him, but Mr. Stimpson only shrugs his shoulders, and says that Mr. Perriam was always a poor creature—no stamina—organic derangement—will go off some day like the snuff of a candle. Poor fellow, I have done what I can for him, but it is very little."

"And do you really think he is dying?" asked Sylvia, in a half whisper.

"I will not say that; but I believe that his life hangs by the feeblest thread, a thread that may snap at any moment."

Sylvia was silent, and seemed lost in thought.

"Have you ever noticed the resemblance between Sir Aubrey and his brother?" she asked at last.

"It is impossible for any one to avoid noticing so strong a resemblance."

"Do you think the likeness has increased since you have been here?"

"To a marked degree."

"And now one brother might easily be mistaken for the other?"

"By a casual observer, perhaps. Not by any one who was intimate with either of the brothers."

"But seen at a distance, or seen for a moment only, or in a half light, one might be mistaken for the other?"

"Very easily."

I wondered at questions which seemed frivolous and purposeless. Sylvia said no more upon the subject, and dismissed me, after promising to conquer her grief, and to think no more of Edmund Standen.

For about six weeks life at Perriam went on in the usual way. There was only one change, but that was a marked one. Lady Perriam was a great deal kinder and more attentive to her husband. She spent more of her time in his room, never failed to be by his side when he took his airing on the terrace, read to him, conversed with him, bore with his fretful, childish ways, and seemed in every thing all that a wife should be.

In my foolish blindness, I was proud of the change. I thought that my weak words had caused this improvement.

Mr. Bain left England, and about two days after his departure Mr. Perriam, who had up to this time been able to shuffle to and fro between his own rooms and his brother's, was utterly prostrated by a kind of low fever which followed a severe cold. I suggested to Lady Perriam that Mr. Stimpson should see her brother-in-law, but she said no, peremptorily. I was a better doctor for such simple ailments than Mr. Stimpson, she told me, and I was to nurse Mr. Perriam.

"Mr. Stimpson would give him saline draughts, and rob him of the little strength he has left," she said; "you can bring him round again with beef tea and jellies."

I obeyed, the illness appearing a very simple one. But I hardly took into account the low ebb to which the patient's strength had fallen.

He was not actually confined to his bed, but sat and dozed by the fire in his easy-chair. I went into his room and attended to him as often as I could venture to leave Sir Aubrey, who was always an exacting invalid. Mr. Perriam was all patience, received my attention with gratitude, and thanked me repeatedly, in his feeble voice, for my care.

He asked me to place his chair within reach of some book-shelves close beside the mantelpiece, but placed somewhat high. He could just manage to reach the lowest row of books without rising from his chair. Though too weak to read more than a few minutes at a stretch, it amused him to take down the books and turn the leaves, reading a line here and there.

He had remained in this state for two days, growing neither better nor worse, and I saw no reason for apprehension, feeble as I knew him to be.

Late on the evening of the second day I left Lady Perriam's dressing-room to take Mordred a basin of broth for his supper. It was between ten and eleven, the servants were all gone to bed, Jean Chapelain having retired early, complaining of gout. I had strong reason to suspect that this pretended gout was only a disguise for nightly intoxication. Chapelain's services in the sick-room had long been of the feeblest order. He assisted at his master's morning toilet, read a French novel to him occasionally, and sometimes appeared at ten o'clock to assist in putting Sir Aubrey to bed. For the rest of the evening he generally contrived to be missing. All was quiet in Sir Aubrey's room when I left Sylvia to go to Mr. Perriam. The baronet had gone to bed earlier than usual to suit the convenience of Chapelain, and was sleeping peacefully. I went through the passage of communication to Mr. Perriam's room. He sat in the arm-chair where I had left him, beside the wood fire, the ruddy blaze of the logs shining full upon him. At the first glance which I cast toward that motionless figure, I uttered a cry of fear, and hurried forward, setting down the broth basin hastily as I passed the table. His head was thrown back upon the pillow I had placed to support it. One arm was raised above the head, but hung loose and nerveless. An open book lay on the pillow beside the drooping gray head. Mordred Perriam was dead. He might have died any time within the last hour. Only an hour ago I had arranged his pillows, and given him his dose of weak brandy-and-water. It was clear to me that he had raised himself to reach that volume from one of the higher shelves, and that even this slight exertion had been enough to snap the feeble thread of life.

While I stood gazing at him in pained astonishment a light step approached me, and, looking round, I saw Lady Perriam standing on the other side of the hearth, arrested, spell-bound, perhaps, by the aspect of that quiet figure in the arm-chair.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"Mr. Perriam is dead."

"No, not Mr. Perriam. Sir Aubrey is dead. Mr. Perriam may survive him for many years."

Never had I heard her tone more decided. Never had I seen such a look of decision in her pale set face.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that the time has come for you to stand by me and help me as you promised you would do when the time should come. I do not ask any desperate act from you. I only ask you to help me and be true to me. Sir Aubrey is dead in life, almost as dead as yonder corpse. What can it matter to him what name be bears in his living grave? What need he care whether he is called Aubrey or Mordred? As Mordred he would have the same care—the same indulgence—not a desire of his feeble mind ungratified."

"What madness is this?" I exclaimed. "You

can never dream of attempting to substitute this dead man for your living husband."

"That is exactly what I do mean," she answered, resolutely. "It matters nothing to that paralytic old man whether he is nominal master of Perriam or not, whether he occupies one set of rooms or another. But it matters a great deal to me to be free from the hateful bondage that chains me to this dreary house, to be Sir Aubrey's widow instead of his wife."

I need not record my remonstrances. All that a mother could say to dissuade her child from a desperate and wicked act I said, not once, but with passionate, despairing iteration. Sylvia held firmly to her purpose, and told me, with every appearance of a fixed resolve, that if I refused to help her in this vile scheme, refused to set her free, as she called it, she would make away with herself before the dawn of to-morrow's light. She was utterly weary of her life, and would endure it no longer if she lost this one chance of freedom.

At last, in weakness and despair, I consented to an act which has poisoned my life with the bitterness of useless remorse. In the dead of the night, when all the house was wrapped in sleep, we contrived, with infinite labor and trouble, to remove Sir Aubrey on a couch from his own apartments to his brother's, dragging that heavy couch along the passage with as little sound as was possible, yet not without sufficient noise to have betrayed us, had any one of the household slept at that end of the house. Fate favored my daughter's crime, for we had the east wing entirely to ourselves, and there was little fear of our movements being overheard.

Lady Perriam acted with a presence of mind and energy that knew no limit. It was an opiate of her administering which enabled us to remove Sir Aubrey to his new quarters, it was her quick intelligence which arranged every detail of that evil work.

Before daybreak all was over, and Mordred Perriam lay upon Sir Aubrey's bed, his limbs composed in the last awful slumber, his beard and hair arranged so as to increase his likeness to the baronet, and that likeness stronger in death than it had ever been in life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, held in Washington on the 21st of April, the following gentlemen were elected members: Professor C. F. CHANDLER, of Columbia College, New York; GEORGE DAVIDSON, of the United States Coast Survey; G. W. HILL, of Nyack, New York; Professor O. C. MARSH, of Yale College; and Professor HENRY MORTON, of the Stevens Institute, Hoboken.

Nature records the death, on the 24th of February, at the age of eighty-two, of Mr. PHILIP BARNES, one of the oldest Fellows of the Linnæan Society of London. The Royal Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park were founded by him thirty-four years ago.

It may be remembered that in 1872 an act was passed by Congress setting apart the land around the head waters of the Yellowstone River, and inclosing Yellowstone Lake, as a public park, this being intended for the protection of the wonderful natural objects so well described and illustrated by Professor HAYDEN. A bill has now been introduced into Congress authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to grant leases for twenty years instead of ten, for the purpose of securing the construction of toll roads through the country, and the opening of convenient routes of access. An appropriation of $100,000 is proposed, to enable the Superintendent of the Park, Governor N. P. LANGFORD, to protect the natural objects from destruction, the experiences of 1873 showing that otherwise great damage is likely to inure to the natural geyser basins and other objects by wanton vandalism, or by the attacks of curiosity-hunters.

The Academy mentions the death, at Wiesbaden, on the 19th of February, at the age of sixty-five, of Dr. KARL E. BOCK, Professor of Pathological Anatomy at the University of Leipsic.

Mr. R. B. WALKER writes from Corisco Bay, in Western Africa, in regard to a young gorilla which he had alive for some time, and hoped to forward to the Zoological Society of London. Contrary to the usual assumption in regard to this species, the specimen in question proved to be extremely docile and perfectly tame. When first purchased it was shy and suspicious, but not spiteful. At the expiration of about a week it was led around without resistance, and it ate whatever eatable thing it could lay its hands on, including a basin of condensed milk with a raw egg beaten up in it. It was quite tame, eating, sleeping, and playing with a large bull-terrier, the two animals being constantly together. It unfortunately disappeared one night, and was supposed to have fallen overboard.

Sir FRANCIS PETTIT SMITH, curator of the Patent-office Museum, died in London on the 12th of February, at the age of sixty-eight. This gentleman, from the position held by him at the time of his death, deserves special mention, according to the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, as having been the discoverer of the method of screw propulsion, of which he produced a model in 1834, and took out a patent in 1836. According to the *Journal*, although the screw had been proposed for purposes of naval propulsion even before the invention of the steam-engine, it was never practically applied until Sir FRANCIS took it up and brought it into use. For this he received, in 1857, as a testimonial, a service of plate and the sum of 2600 pounds sterling. In 1861 he was made curator of the Patent-office Museum.

Among the subjects earliest attracting the attention of the Smithsonian Institution was the deficiency of systematic or monographic treatises bearing upon the natural history of the United States, and measures have been taken by it from time to time to remedy this difficulty. At various intervals circulars have been issued by the Institution inviting contributions of collections of a specific character, with the assurance that the material thus obtained would be placed in the hands of eminent specialists, and that their reports would be published, with suitable illustrations, and that to the account of each should be added the list of the localities and donors. This promise has been well realized, and it may safely be said that, with comparatively few exceptions, every complete monograph of any extended division of the animal kingdom as represented in the United States that has been published within the last twenty years in this country is more or less due to the efforts of this establishment. Among the subjects thus provided for may be mentioned memoirs upon the mammals; the birds; the serpents; the Western fishes; numerous orders of insects, as the Lepidoptera, Coleoptera, Orthoptera, Diptera, Hymenoptera, etc.; the fresh-water and land mollusks, etc., etc.

In botany there have appeared the very costly and elaborate memoirs on the marine algæ, by Dr. HARVEY, of Dublin, and on the fresh-water algæ, by Dr. WOOD, of Philadelphia. In addition to what has actually been published, others are in an advanced state of preparation, and will soon make their appearance.

Of the series referred to two works have just appeared, one by Mr. GEORGE W. TRYON, Jun., of Philadelphia, upon the *Strepomatidæ*, or the American melanians, a group of fresh water shells occurring in great variety and abundance in American waters. This forms a well-printed volume of nearly five hundred pages, with over eight hundred wood-cuts, representing all the species known to Mr. TRYON at the time of his memoir, and constituting the fourth and final part of the series of the *Land and Fresh-water Shells of North America*. The preceding portions of this were prepared by Mr. TEMPLE PRIME, Mr. WILLIAM G. BINNEY, Mr. THOMAS BLAND, and Dr. WILLIAM STIMPSON.

Another recent publication of the Institution is the third part of the Monographs of North American Diptera, by Baron R. OSTENSACKEN and Dr. H. LOEW. The fourth part was published several years ago.

We have already briefly mentioned the death of Professor QUETELET, on the 16th of February last, at the age of seventy-eight, and borrow from a paragraph in the *Athenæum* further details in regard to his life. He was born at Ghent, and at the age of eighteen was appointed Professor of Mathematics at the Royal College in that city. In 1836 he was appointed Professor of Astronomy and Geodesy at the Military School at Brussels, having in 1828 taken charge of the Royal Observatory, which was built under his direction, and at the head of which he continued until the time of his death. The work done at this observatory has been of great value to astronomers and physicists in general, consisting chiefly of star observations and those upon magnetism and meteorology. His own papers embraced the subjects of astronomy, magnetism, optics, mathematics, and general statistics. His separate papers, according to the Royal Society's catalogue, amount to 230. He was also especially interested in the subject of shooting-stars and meteors. His son, Mr. ERNST QUETELET, succeeds him as director of the observatory.

One of the most elaborate mineralogical papers that have appeared for some time in the United States, with the exception of Dr. GENTH's on corundum, is that by Professor JOSIAH P. COOKE, Jun., upon the vermiculites, and their crystallographic and chemical relations to the micas, together with a consideration of the variation of the optical angle in these minerals. This appears in the proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and is to be considered as a very valuable contribution to the science of mineralogy.

The Secretary of the Treasury has recently instructed the Custom-house officers at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to permit certain vessels to land materials for the new Atlantic cable (which is to have its terminus at Rye Beach) without paying any duty.

The celebration of the one thousandth anniversary of the discovery of Iceland, already referred to by us, will take place on the 2d of August, on which occasion there will be a general ringing of church bells throughout the island, commencing at six o'clock P.M. of the preceding day. The new constitution will go into effect on the 1st of August.

A fossil egg recently found in the Chersonese has been added to the treasures of the St. Petersburg Museum at a cost of $850. It is 7.2 inches in length and 6 inches in the shortest diameter; its capacity is reckoned equal to that of forty to forty-four hen's eggs. It is thus larger than the egg of the ostrich, but much smaller than that of the epiornis, which has a capacity equal to that of 148 hen's eggs. Nothing is said of the family to which this egg belongs.

Dr. JOHN M. TONER, of Washington, has published a work entitled the *Dictionary of Elevations and Climatic Register of the United States*, with the altitude, mean annual temperature, and total annual rain-fall of many localities, and an introductory article on the orographic and other physical peculiarities of North America. This material was collected by Dr. TONER in the course of his researches in reference to the distribution in altitude of certain diseases, especially the yellow fever, and he has rendered a good service in presenting it in a concise form for general reference. The author calls attention to the fact that religion builds by preference on the high places of the earth, and that both in the Old World and the New it is on the loftier summits that we find the temples and shrines of the various peoples. This, it is supposed, may relate somewhat to the fact early impressed upon the notice of mankind, that the inhabitants of lofty elevations are not only nearer to heaven, but also more remote from earthly disease.

Further inquiries in reference to the influence of altitude upon natural productions and upon cultivable crops, as well as upon human health, will be largely facilitated by this unpretending treatise of Dr. TONER, who is very decidedly of the opinion that for the future, improvement in the health of patients will depend more upon visiting and dwelling for a suitable length of time on high altitudes than to any resort to the lowlands of the sea-shore, which has hitherto been so much in vogue.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SELDOM has a more disastrous inundation occurred than that which has so recently flooded large sections of Louisiana, and portions of Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessee. And the swelling rivers seem reluctant to recede, but rush on with resistless force, ruining rich and beautiful countries, and making every thing desolate in the extreme. Appeals for help have come from New Orleans, to which a cordial response has been made, for many thousands of persons in Louisiana alone are totally ruined, and in absolute distress for food. The Mississippi, bursting through the broken levees, has overflowed an immense area of country, utterly destroying cotton, corn, and sugar plantations. The large tributary rivers have risen with fearful rapidity, driving hundreds of families, in various sections of country, from their homes to seek safety on higher land. Thousands of acres of the richest and most productive soil in the Mississippi Valley are under the surging waters, the levees affording no protection. How long this great overflow will last is uncertain. Past records show many disastrous floods in the valley of the Mississippi. It is stated that in 1858 the water remained in some places almost at a stand for three months. The sufferers are now earnestly desirous that more effectual measures should be taken to prevent such a disaster in future, if prevention be possible.

Lunalilo, late King of the Sandwich Islands, was a poet. Many years ago he wrote the Hawaiian national hymn, receiving a prize for it. It is said to be "one of the grandest productions in the language." Doubtless. And that our readers may judge for themselves, we quote a single stanza:

"Imua ou makou,
Ke 'Lii o na Alii,
E aloha mai;
E mau ke ea e
O ke aupuni nei,
E ola mau makou,
Me ka Moi."

The hymn should be sung to the tune of "God save the King."

A marble bust of Gottschalk, the pianist, the work of an eminent Paris sculptor, will soon be placed in the Academy of Music in this city.

"The Urn" is the name given to a cremation society which has been formed at Vienna, and which has obtained the consent of government to institute experiments in regard to burning the dead.

The four hundred and ninety-ninth anniversary of Michael Angelo's birth is to be commemorated this year at Florence. On the first day there will first be a procession to the artist's tomb, where the syndic will deliver an address; then the procession will go to Angelo's house in the Via Ghibellina, which will be decorated for the occasion with frescoes by the best Florentine artists, and place Angelo's bust over the entrance. On the second day a statue will be unveiled in the Michael Angelo Square, and the *fêtes* will close with a musical festival.

It sounds not much like spring to read that on April 20, near Silver Creek, Iowa, two men and a child were overtaken by a snow-storm while riding toward their home, and all perished. Two of them had sought protection under the wagon, but all were quite dead when found.

One story circulated about the escape of Henri Rochefort is to the effect that he and his companions swam through a mile of sharks before they reached a friendly vessel. This tale is very popular, but a trifle too poetical.

May-day—according to the New York idea of May-day—comes in Berlin on April 1. Then all general changes of residences take place. This present year there is no lack of dwelling-houses, it is said, in Berlin. In fact, many are standing empty.

A scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music will be founded by Mr. Carl Rosa in memory of Madame Parepa-Rosa. It will be awarded by competition to British-born female vocalists between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two years, and the successful candidate will be entitled to two years' free education in the Royal Academy of Music. In connection with this scholarship there will be also a prize of a gold medal with Madame Parepa-Rosa's likeness, which will be awarded to the best female vocalist in the Royal Academy of Music at the annual public distribution of prizes in July.

Philadelphia has been shocked by a terrible story of cremation. It was reported, with all the uncomfortable details, that a father in that city had himself burned the body of his son. He caused a furnace to be built, it was said, in his own cellar, and superintended the rites with the zeal of a devoted scientist; and finally exhibited with satisfaction a small urn, containing a handful of white ashes, which he preserved in memory of his son. Unfortunately for those who enjoy a sensation, the whole story turned out to be a hoax—which the originator had postponed from April 1.

The laziest letter-carrier lives in Providence, Rhode Island. He easily disposed of about two hundred letters by throwing them into the dock, to avoid the trouble of delivery.

The French are enthusiastic over dandelion salad. Great pains have been taken to improve the varieties, some of which have been imported into England. The dandelion requires a thorough blanching to deprive it of its bitterness. It can easily be grown at a low temperature, and when properly cultivated it is said to produce white leaves as crisp and nutty as the finest white solid celery. Two varieties are highly praised in the French agricultural papers—one which has a full, round head, like a small cabbage, and another which has long, broad, lettuce-like leaves.

An "able-bodied man, fifty years old," living somewhere in the vicinity of Boston, has been trying the experiment of living on twelve cents a day. He tried it two weeks with great success. His bill of fare included milk, crackers, eggs, coffee, butter, and salt, and at the end of the fourteen days, he assures us, he had gained in weight one pound and a half. Whether he still continues this style of living we are not informed.

A New England newspaper shows its appreciation of the trials of the woman who "does her own housework" in the following paragraph:

"The long-suffering housewife hears the door-bell ring, washes the dough from her hands, pulls down her sleeves, removes an old calico apron, and with a hasty look in the mirror goes out in the hall to find a patent medicine bill on the floor. A woman who can go through this experience, and resume her work without making a few casual remarks concerning Job and his patience, deserves a niche in the temple of Fame."

It is suggested that the most certain way to shorten ocean voyages is to lengthen the ships.

A Freshman in a certain Massachusetts college has boldly affirmed that he thinks it a disgrace that Ben Butler's *Analogy* should be used as a text-book by the Seniors. He is of opinion that Butler is not at all fitted to form young men's ideas of morality.

Somebody has been investigating the statistics of our country with the purpose of ascertaining how much it costs to be born, to get married, and to be buried. The following bill is made out, in gross, as the cost to the people of the United States every year:

Getting born	$220,095,000
Getting married	250,000,000
Getting buried	73,839,450
Total	$543,934,450

In order to maintain a wholesome and constant state of anxiety while traveling by rail, fix these signals in your mind, and watch for them during the journey. They form the

"RAILWAY SIGNAL CODE" OF THE UNITED STATES.

One whistle signifies "down brakes;" two whistles, "off brakes;" three whistles, "back up." Continued whistles signify "danger," and rapid short whistles "a cattle alarm."

By means of a sweeping parting of the hands on level of the eyes the conductor signifies "go ahead;" a downward motion of the hands with extended arms signifies "stop;" a beckoning motion of one hand signifies "back."

A red flag, if waved upon the track, signifies "danger;" if stuck up by the road-side, it signifies "danger ahead;" if carried upon a locomotive, it signifies "an engine following;" if hoisted at a station, it means "stop."

A lantern at night, raised and lowered vertically, is a signal to "start;" swung at right angles across the track, it means "stop;" swung in a circle, it signifies "back the train."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

In a certain town of Massachusetts was an old-fashioned country tavern, kept by an inveterate wag named Davis. On a cold wintry day a good-looking Irishman, who was passing through the village, called at the tavern to warm himself. The landlord and several of his neighbors sat cozily chatting before the fire, and politely made way for the traveler to take a seat among them. "A cowld day," says he. Affirmed unanimously. "An' what's the news?" says he. "There is nothing new," replied the host, "only—in his dry way—"they say the devil's dead." "An' sure," says Pat, "that is news indade." After a while he rose, walked across the room, placed some coppers on the bar, returned to the fire, and resumed his seat. The landlord also having gone to the bar, inquired of the traveler what he'd have to drink for his money. "Nothing at all at all," was the reply. "Why, then, did you lay this money here?" "An' sure, Sir," replied Pat, "it's the custom in me own counthry, when a chap loses his daddy, to give him a few coppers to help him pay for the wake."

A convict wrote a letter to his brother, a serious letter, without an attempt at a joke, which, however, concluded thus: "I must leave off now, for my feet are so cold I can not hold my pen."

WANTED TO KNOW—The length of the Rule of Three; how many days in the March of Intellect; the width of a broad hint.

"I am not afraid of a barrel of cider," said a toper to a temperance man. "I presume not," was the reply; "from your appearance, I guess a barrel of cider would run at your approach."

A wonderfully scientific young man has had ocular demonstration of a sound; he has seen his bed tick.

A Chicago educational journal is of opinion that whipping is a better punishment than detention after school-hours, because it sets the blood in circulation, and causes increased activity of the brain.

A French paper points out how the passion for gambling is shown in this country, so that even in wedding notices it is necessary to state that there were "no cards."

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah, I don't care about bein' very wet, but, plaze your honor, I'm very dry."

The man who sang "Oh, breathe no more that simple air," went into the smoking car, where it was more mixed.

A cynical writer says: "Take a company of boys chasing butterflies; put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into dollars, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world."

Two young Irishmen happened to get into an affray in which one of them was knocked down. His comrade ran up to him, and cried out, "Zounds, Dennis, if ye be dead can't ye spake?" "I'm not dead, but spacheless," said the other.

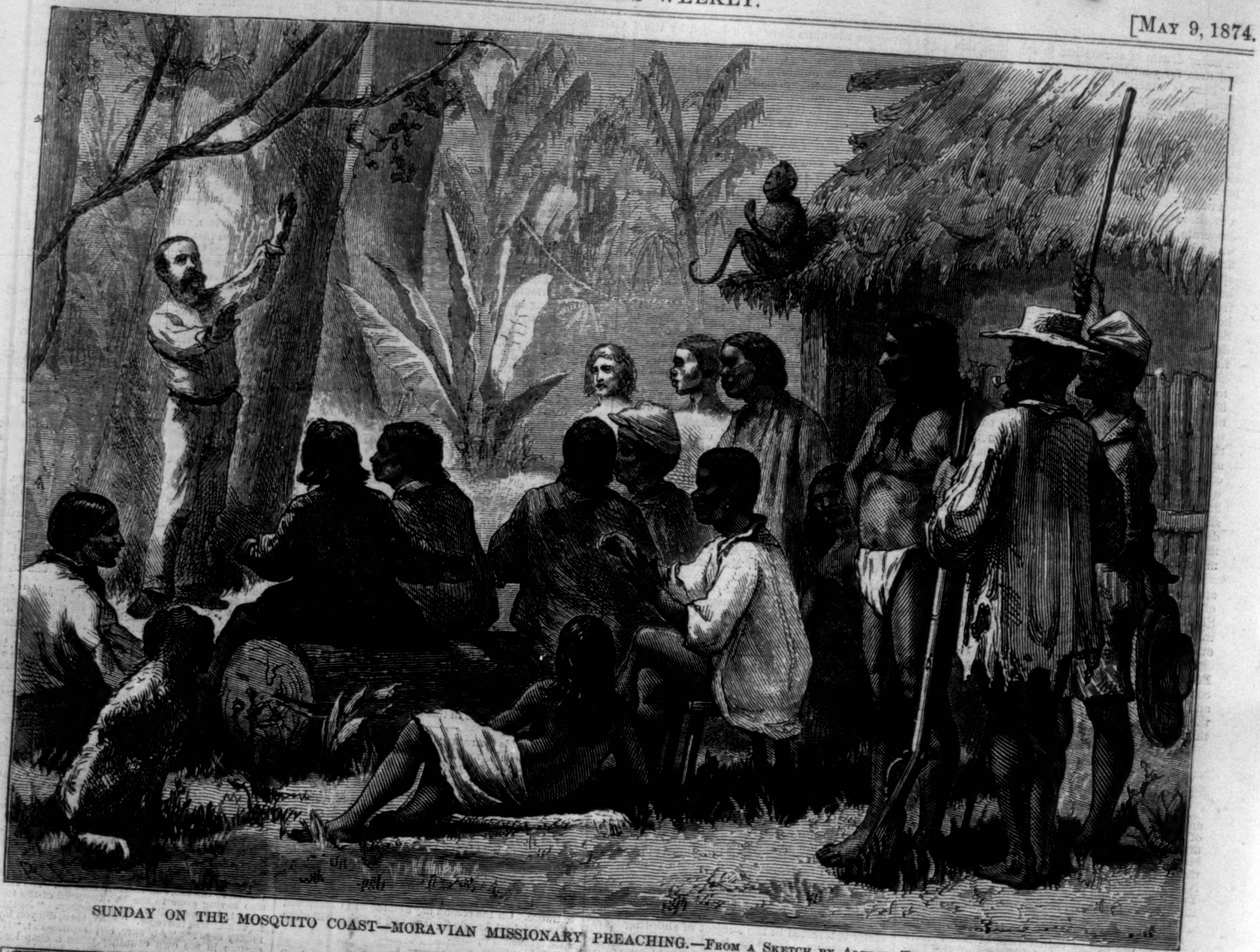
A Scotch baker having got fined for adulterating bread with alum, acquired among his countrymen the appellation of M'Alum More.

A pair of lovers will sit up half the night and not burn as much kerosene as the family uses in an hour during the evening.

A female help in Chicago with admirable candor informed a lady that she was looking for a place where there was an "old couple with property, but without children, who would look upon me as a daughter."

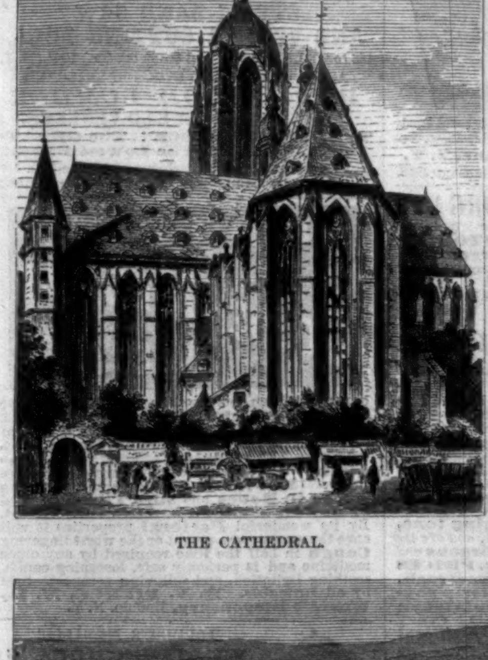
A young man having put a crown piece into "the plate" in an Edinburgh church by mistake instead of a penny, asked to have it back, but was refused; in once, in forever. "Aweel, aweel," grunted he; "I will get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, the door-keeper, "ye'll get credit only for the penny ye meant to gi'e."

"I wouldn't marry the keeper of a crockery store, if I were you," said a young lady to a friend who was engaged to one of that respectable class of citizens. "Why not?" "Because, your husband would never be at home, as he'd *always be dealing in China*." The wedding preparations went on just the same.

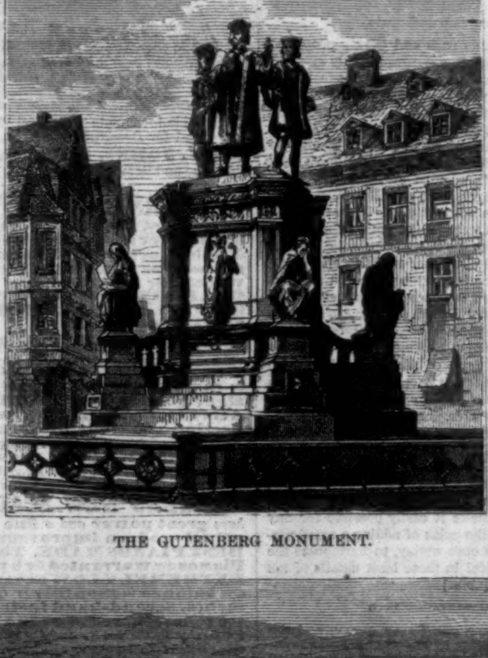


SUNDAY ON THE MOSQUITO COAST—MORAVIAN MISSIONARY PREACHING.—From a Sketch by Alfred Trauble.—[See Page 402.]

THE IMPENDING FEAST—A SCENE ON THE MOSQUITO COAST.—From a Sketch by Alfred Trauble.—[See Page 402.]



THE CATHEDRAL.



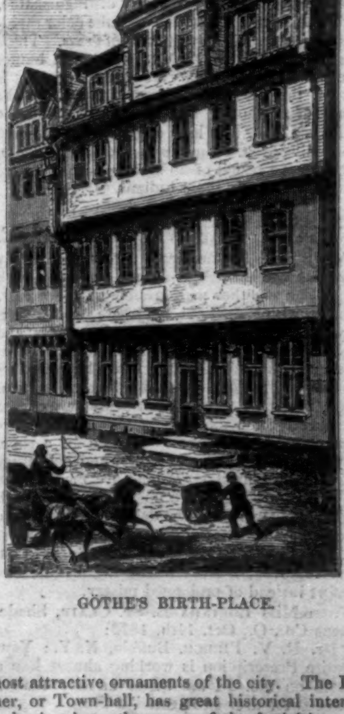
THE GUTENBERG MONUMENT.

THE RÖMER, OR TOWN-HALL.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY FROM SACHSENHAUSEN.

THE JUDENGASSE.

THE PALM HOUSE.



GÖTHE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

Frankfort-on-the-Main is one of the oldest and most interesting cities of Germany. In ancient Roman times it was undoubtedly the site of a permanent fortified camp. A council was held within its walls in 794, and in 843 it became the capital of the Eastern Empire. It was made a free city in 1245, and continued to enjoy this privilege until the events of 1866, when Germany was consolidated. After 1152 the Emperors of Germany were elected in Frankfort, and from 1815 to 1866 it was the seat of the German Diet.

Frankfort is beautifully situated on the right bank of the river Main. A massive stone bridge nearly a thousand feet long, built on fourteen arches, connects the city with the attractive suburb of Sachsenhausen. Our sketches show some of the most interesting features of the city. The cathedral, an imposing edifice of Gothic architecture, is said to have been commenced in the thirteenth century. The tower, still unfinished, is 260 feet in height. The monument to Gutenberg, Faust, and Schäfer is one of the most attractive ornaments of the city. The Römer, or Town-hall, has great historical interest as having been the scene of the festivities subsequent to the election of an emperor. Here in the great banqueting hall he was entertained, and at his table served the noblest and greatest in the empire. In the market-place opposite the hall an ox was roasted whole, from which the

Emperor ate a slice, and a fountain ran with wine, a cup of which was borne to him. The banquet hall is decorated with portraits of all the German Emperors, forty-six in number.

The Judengasse, or Jews' Quarter, is a long, narrow street, where all the Jewish inhabitants of the city were formerly forced to reside. At a certain hour of the evening gates at both ends of the street were closed, and no Jew was permitted to be out of the quarter after that time. In this street lived the Rothschild family before it became celebrated, and the house in which the great banker was born is still in existence.

The Botanical Gardens of Frankfort are among the finest in the world, and the most attractive feature is the palm house, shown in our engraving. Another interesting place to visit is the house in which the poet Göthe was born.

Frankfort has been for many years one of the chief commercial cities of the world. It was famed during the Middle Ages for the importance of its fairs, to which merchants from every part of the world were accustomed to resort.

MOSQUITO COAST SKETCHES.

The Moravian missionaries who have settled and built up the little village of North Bluefields have accomplished a world of good among their savage neighbors. For some years there has been a gradual improvement in the condition of the Indians and Sambos of the coast. They have begun to cultivate the incalculably rich soil along the Wauks River and about the various creeks of the Mosquito country, their code of morals has undergone considerable revision, and in the turtling season much less of their gains disappears in Jamaica rum than formerly.

The condition of the tribes in the Mosquito country is very peculiar. According to common report, a slave-ship in the old days of West Indian slavery was wrecked on the Mosquito Bank, and what survived of her living freight fell into the hands of the Indians of the coast. These treated their involuntary guests kindly, gave them wives, and made them in all ways welcome. This amalgamation of races produced the *Sambo* of the coast, a race which, becoming powerful by the addition of runaways from the islands, and others, has now driven the original natives into the mountain fastnesses of the interior, and, what is more, keeps them there.

Thus what is known as the Mosquito Indian is really a mixture of Indian and negro. In habits they imitate their aboriginal neighbors, and until the advent of the Moravians their condition was quite as deplorable.

The present king, a youth of seventeen, is in England, where the government, in virtue of the protectorate it has established over his territory, has undertaken the expense of his education. The capital of the kingdom, a collection of miserable huts some two or three days' journey up the Wauks River, is under the care of an old relative of the late king, upon the walls of whose hut still hang the cocked hat and epauleted coat which at one time formed the regalia of his Majesty George I. of the Mosquitos.

The iguana, or edible lizard, abounds in all parts of the coast of Central and South America, and is highly prized by the lower classes as an article of food. Its flesh resembles that of a chicken both in appearance and taste, slightly coarser perhaps. In La Guayra, Demerara, Belize, and other cities on the coast, these curious creatures are to be found in great numbers on market-days. There is a superstition among the negroes in regard to their bite, which is believed to be dangerous, if not fatal, and in consequence the Indians sew their mouths up directly after capturing them. The iguana possesses one peculiar trait worth noticing, that of changing its color. Those found in the forest are so like the tree trunks in tint that at a short distance from the ground they are barely distinguishable, but on being removed to the open the color rapidly changes to a vivid green, that of grass. There is rejoicing in any ranch to which the hunter brings one of these dainty creatures. The pot is put on the fire without loss of time, and the "lady of the house" sets to work skinning the prize, while her lazy lord enjoys in anticipation the coming feast. Our illustrations, on page 400, are from the pencil of an artist who has passed much time among these Indians.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with trouble of the breast, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present, alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctors, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder; and while they are thus only able perhaps to palliate for a time, they are ignorant of the cause, and encourage their practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patients are no better in the end, but probably worse for the delay, treatment, and other complications made, and which a proper medicine directed to the cause would have entirely removed, thereby instituting health and comfort instead of prolonged misery.

From Miss Lorinda E. St. Clair, Shade, Athens Co., O., Oct. 14th, 1872:

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It is no doubt true, as rude and greedy people at picnics and railway stations are complacently given to asserting it to be, that "fingers were made before forks." But really, when one looks at the average silver fork of the period, and, still more, when one looks at the two-pronged steel abominations of forty years ago, one is tempted to doubt it. Things so clumsy and so inartistic might just as well have been invented by our quadrumanous ancestor before he had learned that his fingers were not all toes, or rather that some of his toes were fingers. Two hundred years ago, when forks were made, not by the dozen, but by the piece, these now indispensable utensils were fashioned in quite another spirit. There is a fork of the sixteenth century, now preserved at Marlborough House, of silver enriched with garnets, which was bought at the famous Bernal sale for £15 sterling. It is jointed, and moves on a hinge, elaborately chased all over with raised work of St. George and the Dragon, Angels, and the Prince of Wales's feathers. On the top of the handle a figure kneels in prayer. From such work as this down to the split silver scoops we buy by the dozen, is a deplorable descent indeed! But we are climbing up again. At the warerooms of Starr & Marcus, 22 John Street (up stairs), we now see forks, knives, and spoons, not indeed enriched with garnets, nor quoted at $75 a piece, but enriched with graces of design more beautiful than garnets, and at prices which make it easily possible for any person who will be at the pains of adding a small percentage of taste to his cash outlay, to harmonize the useful with the beautiful in these least details of his daily household life.—[*Com.*]

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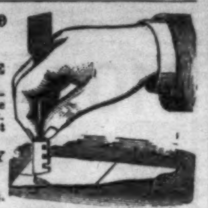

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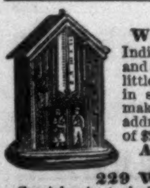

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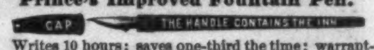

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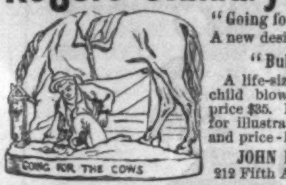

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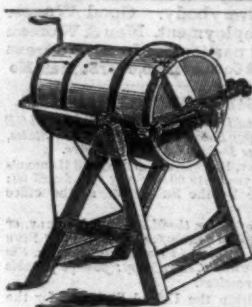

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No fairy maiden she, whose tread
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No tiny floweret raised its head,
  When she had passed, to look on her.

The bloom of spring was on her cheek,
  The light of morning in her eye;
Her lips half parted, as to speak,
  And wreathed with maiden witchery.
With quick, elastic, dancing feet
  She stept along the dewy grass:
'Twould wake the dullest pulse to meet
  This pretty, blithesome farmer's lass.

And many a rustic lad she met,
  And greeted with a pleasant smile,
Though well she knew, the arch coquette,
  Who waited for her at the stile—
Who waited for her at the stile,
  Down in the green, secluded dell;
And yet to each she gave a smile,
  As she stept lightly toward the well.

Her rustic lovers, as she passed,
  Stayed their own steps to look at her;
And at each sidelong glance she cast,
  Felt their young pulse beat quicklier;
'Twas pleasant fooling, each one knew,
  For each one knew (and sighed!) full well
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